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ANCIENT AND MODERN ELOQUENCE.

ELOQUENCE, in its highest flights, is beyond all question the greatest exertion of the human mind. It requires for its conception a combination of the most exalted faculties; for its execution, a union of the most extraordinary powers. Unite in thought the most varied and dissimilar faculties of the soul—strength of understanding with brilliancy of imagination; fire of conception with solidity of judgment; a retentive memory with an enthusiastic fancy; the warmth of poetry with the coldness of prose; an eye for the beauties of nature with a command of the realities of life; a mind stored with facts and a heart teeming with impressions—and you will form the elements from which the most powerful style of oratory is to be created. But this is not all. Physical powers, if not essential, are at least a great addition to the mental qualities required for its success. The orator must have at once the lengthened thought which is requisite for a prolonged argument, and the ready wit which can turn to the best advantage any incident which may occur in the course of its delivery. More than all is required the fixity of purpose, the energy in effort, the commanding turn, which, as it is the most valuable and important faculty of the mind, so it is the one most rarely to be met with in any walk of life, and least of all in combination with the brilliant and imaginative qualities, which are the very soul of every art which is to subdue or captivate mankind.

It is not surprising that the art of the orator should require, for its highest flights, so rare a combination of qualities, for of all the efforts of the human mind it is the most astonishing in its nature, and the most transcendent in its immediate triumphs. The wisdom of the philosopher, the eloquence of the historian, the sagacity of the statesman, the capacity of the general, may produce more lasting effects upon human affairs; but they are incomparably less rapid in their influence, and less intoxicating from the ascendancy they confer. In the solitude of his library the sage meditates on the truths which are to influence the thoughts and direct the conduct of men in future times; amidst the strife of faction the legislator discerns the measures calculated, after a long course of years, to alleviate existing evils or produce happiness yet unborn; during long and wearisome campaigns the commander throws his shield over the fortunes of his country, and prepares in silence and amidst obloquy the means of maintaining its independence. But the triumphs of the orator are immediate; his influence is instantly felt; his, and his alone, it is

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read his history in a nation's eyes.

To stand up before a vast assembly composed of men of various passions, habits, and prepossessions; to conciliate their feelings by the art, and carry away their judgment by the eloquence of the orator; to see every gaze at length turned on his counte-

nance, and every ear intent on the words which drop from his lips; to see indifference turn into excitement, and aversion melt away amidst enthusiasm; to hear thunders of applause at the close of every sentence, and behold the fire of enthusiasm kindled in every eye, as each successive idea is brought forth; and to think that all this is the creation of the moment, and has sprung extempore from the ardor of his conceptions, and the inspiration they have derived from what passes around him, is perhaps the greatest triumph of the human mind, and that in which its divine origin and immortal destiny are most clearly revealed.

It is the magnitude of the combination requisite for its greatest efforts which renders eloquence of the loftiest kind so extremely rare among mankind. It is less frequent than the highest flights in epic or dramatic poetry. Greece produced three great tragedians, but only one Demosthenes; Cicero stands alone to sustain by his single strength the fame of Roman oratory. Antiquity could not boast of more than five or six persons who, by the common consent of their contemporaries, had attained the highest rank in forensic eloquence; it is doubtful if modern times could count as many; as many, we mean, who have attained the very highest place in this noble and difficult art; for, doubtless, in the second class, great numbers of names are to be found; and in the third their name is legion. It is not meant to be asserted that great temporary fame and influence by eloquence may not be, and often has been, acquired by persons who are deficient in many of the qualities above enumerated, as required to form a perfect orator. Without doubt, brilliancy of genius will often, for passing effect, compensate the want of solidity of judgment; and fire of imagination make us for the moment forget a squeaking voice, a diminutive figure, an ungainly countenance. No one, at times, commanded the attention of the House of Commons more entirely than the late Mr. Wilberforce, and yet his stature was small, and his voice weak and painfully shrill. But great earnestness of will and brilliancy of fancy are required to compensate such defects; and we are persuaded that none will more readily admit the justice of these observations than those who have labored under, and, by their powers, in a certain degree surmounted them.

As little is it intended to assert that vast influence may not be acquired, and unbounded celebrity for the time obtained, not merely without the coöperation of such varied and extensive qualities, but by the aid, in many cases, of the very reverse. As temporary influence, not lasting fame, is the immediate and chief end of oratory, its style must be adapted to the prevailing cast of mind, and ruling interests or passions, of the persons to whom it is addressed; and as it will share in elevation of sentiment if that is their characteristic, so it will be deformed by vulgarity or selfishness when they are vulgar and selfish. It is a common saying, that a speaker must descend to the level of his audience, if he means to command their suffrages or enlist their passions; and we have only to look around us to see how often, in assemblies of an inferior, interested, or impassioned character, the highest

celebrity and most unbounded success are attained by persons who not only have exhibited few of the qualities of a refined orator, but who had studiously concealed those which they did possess, and secretly despised in their hearts the arts to which their triumphs had been owing.* But this is no more than is the case with all the arts which aim at influencing or charming mankind. The theatre, the romance, poetry itself, share at times in the same degradation. It would be as unjust to stigmatize oratory as the art of sophists or declaimers, intended to seduce or deceive those who cannot see through its artifices, as it would be to reproach the stage with the vulgarity of the buffoon, or novels with the licentiousness of Aretin, or poetry with the seductions of Ovid. We must not think lightly of an art which has been ennobled by the efforts of Cicero and Burke in the most refined assemblies, because it has also led to the triumphs of O'Connell and Wilkes in the most ignorant.

To the highest triumphs of the art of oratory, that first of blessings, CIVIL LIBERTY, is indispensable. More truly of it than of the liberty of the press, it may be said, "It is our vital air; withdraw it, and we perish." Regulated freedom is essential to its success. It is hard to say whether it perishes most rapidly amidst the studied servility of courtly rhetoric, or the coarse adulations of democratic flattery; whether the atmosphere of Constantinople or that of New York is most fatal to its existence. Genius, and that of the very highest kind, may exist in despotic communities; but it is degraded by selfishness and misdirected by servility. Where there is only one ruling power in the state—be it monarchical, aristocratic, or democratic—this corruption is equally certain, and equally unavoidable. The sonorous periods in which Fontanes celebrated the triumphs of the empire, the impassioned strains in which Robespierre eulogized the incorruptible virtue of the people, the coarse flattery with which O'Connell captivated his ignorant and excitable audiences, equally marked the approach of the period in which oratory, if such a *régime* continued, must die a natural death. Under such influences it necessarily perished from its own exaggeration; it ceased to be impressive, it became ridiculous. As in all the other arts which are intended to please and instruct mankind, Truth, and a regard to the limits of nature, are essential to its success. Exaggeration and hyperbole not only degrade the character of eloquence, but destroy its influence, because they induce a style of expression with which subsequent times, emancipated from passing influences, cannot sympathize—look upon as contemptible. Then, and then only, will oratory attain its highest perfection, during that period "slow to come, soon to perish," as Tacitus said of balanced freedom, during which no one interest in the state is irresistible; and truth, in assailing the vices or resisting the encroachments of others, can find a fulcrum from whence to direct its efforts. Withdraw the fulcrum—remove the support—and truth, and with it genius, will sink to rise no more.

It is surprising, however, how solicitous the human soul is for liberty of expression; how

eagerly, if one channel is closed, it seeks out and often finds another. When the power of government, or the tyranny of the majority, has shut out the natural expression of unfettered opinion in the discussion of the social and political interests of man, it takes refuge in the regions of imagination. Romance becomes the vehicle of independent thought; the stage the arena of unrestrained debate. So delightful is free expression to the human mind, that it proves agreeable even to those whose ascendancy may seem to be endangered by its prevalence. It may appear strange, but it is undoubtedly true, that the germ of the doctrines of human perfectibility, the general vices of those in authority, and the expedience of universal freedom alike in trade and employment, emanated from the precincts of the most despotic authority in Europe, and at the period of its highest exaltation. It was in the palace of Versailles, in the court of the Grande Monarque, and when discharging the duties of tutor to the Dauphin, that Fenelon wrote, for the instruction of his royal pupil, *Télémaque*—perhaps the most thoroughly democratic work, in its principles, that ever emanated from the pen of genius. It was in the boudoir of Madame de Pompadour, and when surrounded by the corruptions of Louis XV., that Quesnay first announced the doctrines of throwing all taxes on the land, and of universal freedom of trade and occupation, which have subsequently had so powerful an influence in producing the Revolution of France, and altering the political system and social conditions of Great Britain.

The extraordinary perfection to which tragedy has been brought in many modern countries where the institutions are of a despotic character, is mainly to be ascribed to this cause. The stage became the outlet of independent thought; it was there alone that unfettered expression could be safely attempted. Put into the mouths of historical or imaginary characters, portraying remote events, for the most part drawn from the classical ages of Greece or Rome, such unrestrained ideas attracted no disquietude in the depositories of authority. They were regarded as an attribute of a primeval world, which had as little relation to the present, and as little bearing on its fortunes, as the skeletons of the mammoth, or the backbones of the ichthyosaurs, on its material interests. A direct argument in favor of republican institutions would have secured for its author a place in the Bastille; or in the dungeons of the Inquisition; an incitement to the people to take up arms, to dethrone the reigning monarch, would have led to the scaffold; but the most eloquent and impassioned declamations in support of both the one and the other, when couched in verse, put into the mouth of Virginius or Brutus, and repeated on the stage by a popular actor, excited no sort of apprehension. On the contrary, it was only the more admired from its very novelty. Such ideas fell on the mind, amidst the seductions and restrictions of a despotic court, with somewhat of the charm with which the voice of nature, and the picture of her beauties, was in the last days of the French monarchy listened to from the gifted pen of Rousseau, or the vehement and imaginary passions of the Greek Corsairs, as delineated by Byron, were regarded by the worn-out victims of London dissipation.

If we would see in modern literature the most exact counterpart which Europe has been able to present to the oratorical perfection of antiquity, we must look for it, not in the debates of its national assemblies, or even the effusions of its pulpit

* This was well known in ancient times. "Corruptas," says Quintilian, "aliquando et vitiosas orationes, quas tamen plerique judiciorum pravitate mirantur, quam multa impropria, obscura, tumida, humilia, sordida, lasciva, effeminata sunt; quæ non laudantur modo a plerisque, sed quod pejus est, propter hoc ipsum, quod sunt prava laudantur."—*Inst. Orat.* ii. 5.

eloquence, but in the speeches of its great tragic poets. The best declamations in Corneille, Alfieri, and Schiller, are often nothing but ancient eloquence put into verse. The brevity and force of Shakspeare belong to the same school. These men exhibit the same condensation of ideas, terseness of expression, depth of thought, acquaintance with the secrets of the heart, which have rendered the historians and orators of antiquity immortal. Like them, in their highest flights, they present intellect and genius disdaining the attractions of style, the flowers of rhetoric, the amplifications of imagination, and resting solely on condensed reason, cogent argument, and impassioned pathos. They are the bones and muscles of thought, without its ornament or covering. It is this circumstance which rendered their drama so popular, and has given its great masters their colossal reputation; and in their lasting fame may be found the most decisive proof of the undying influence of the highest species of eloquence on cultivated minds. Men and women went to the theatre, not to be instructed in the story—it was known to all; not to be dazzled by stage effect—there was none of it; but to hear oratory of the highest, pathos of the most moving, magnanimity of the most exalted kind, repeated with superb effect by the first performers. The utmost vehemence of action, with all the aids of intonation, action, and delivery, was employed to heighten the effect of condensed eloquence, conveying free and lofty sentiments which could nowhere else be heard. This was the secret of the wonderful influence of the stage on the polished society of Paris, during the latter days of the monarchy. The audience in the *parterre* might be seen repeating every celebrated speech with the actor.

To illustrate these observations, we shall subjoin a few passages—two from Corneille, one from Shakspeare, one from Alfieri, and two from Schiller, in prose—partly to show how nearly they approach to the style of ancient oratory, and partly from a sense of the hopelessness of any translation conveying more than a prosaic idea of the terseness and vigor of the originals:—

When the people are the master, tumults become national events. Never is the voice of reason consulted. Honors are sold to the most ambitious, authority yielded to the most seditious. These little sovereigns, made for a year, seeing the term of their power so near expiring, cause the most auspicious designs to miscarry, from the dread that others who follow may obtain the credit of them. As they have little share in the property which they command, they reap without hesitation in the harvest of the public, being well assured that every one will gladly pardon what they themselves hope to do on a future occasion. The worst of states is the popular state.*

Corneille's celebrated picture of Attila which he puts into the mouth of Oetar, but which was really intended for Louis XIV., exhibits another example of the condensed style of oratory, perhaps still more applicable to a greater man than the *Grande Monarque*,—

* *Cinna*, Act ii., s. 1.

"Quelle prodigieuse supériorité," says Voltaire in his *Commentaries* on this passage, "de la belle Poésie sur la prose! Tous les écrivains politiques ont délayé ces pensées, aucun n'a approché de la force, de la profondeur, de la netteté, de la précision de ce discours de Cinna. Tous les corps d'état auraient dû assister à cette pièce, pour apprendre à penser et à parler."—VOLTAIRE, *Commentaires sur Corneille*, iii. 309.

I have seen him, alike in peace and war, bear everywhere the air of the conqueror of the earth. Often have I beheld the fiercest nations disarm his wrath by their submission. I have seen all the pleasure of his heroic mind savoring of the grand and the magnificent, while his ceaseless foresight in the midst of peace had prepared the triumphs of war; his noble anxiety, which, amidst his very recreations, prepared the success of future designs. Too happy the people against whom he does not turn his invincible arms! I have seen him, covered with smoke and dust, give the noblest example to his army—spread terror everywhere by his own danger—overturn walls by a single glance, and heap his own conquests on the broken pride of the haughtiest monarch.*

Napoleon said, if he had lived in his time, he would have made Corneille his first councillor of state. He was right; for his thoughts were more allied to the magnanimity of the hero than the pathos of the tragedian; and his language savored more of the sonorous periods of the orator than the fire of the poet.

Beside these specimens of French tragic eloquence, we gladly place the well-known speech of Brutus in *Julius Caesar*, which proves that Shakspeare was endowed with the very soul of ancient oratory:

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! Hear me for my cause, and be silent that you may hear; believe me for mine honor, and have respect to mine honor that you may believe; censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Caesar's, to him I say that Brutus' love to Caesar was not less than his. If, then, that friend demand why Brutus rose against Caesar, this is my answer: not that I loved Caesar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather that Caesar were living and die all slaves, than that Caesar were dead to live all freemen? As Caesar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice in it; as he was valiant, I honor him; but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There are tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honor for his valor, and death for his ambition. Who is there so base that would be a bondsman? If any, speak, for him have I offended. Who is there so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak, for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak, for him have I offended. I have done no more to Caesar than you should do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory is not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced for which he suffered death.†

This is the highest style of ancient oratory. Whoever has had the good fortune to hear this noble speech repeated by the lips, and with the impressive manner of Kemble, will have no difficulty in conceiving how it was that eloquence in Greece and Rome acquired so mighty an ascendancy. Shakspeare has shown, however, in the speech of Antony, which follows, that he was not less master of that important part of oratory which consists in moving the feelings, and conciliating by pathos an adverse audience. Antiquity never conceived anything more skilful, or evincing a more thorough knowledge of the human heart, than thus turning aside the lofty patriotic and republican ideas awakened by Brutus' speech, first by the exhibition of Caesar's garments, rent by the daggers of his murderers, and yet wet with his blood, and then unveiling the mangled corpse itself!

The eloquence of Alfieri and Schiller, perhaps,

* CORNEILLE, *Attila*, Act ii., s. 5.

† *Julius Caesar*, Act iii., s. 2.

of all modern writers, is that which approaches most closely to the brief and condensed style of ancient oratory. The speech of Icilius, in the noble drama of *Virginia*, by the first of these writers, affords a fair specimen of its power:—

Listen to my words, O people of Rome! I who heretofore have never been deceitful, who have never either betrayed or sold my honor; who boast an ignoble origin, but a noble heart! hear me. This innocent free maid is daughter of Virginius. At such a name, I see your eyes flash with resplendent fire. Virginius is fighting for you in the field: think on the depravity of the times; meanwhile, exposed to shame, the victim of outrage, his daughter remains in Rome. And who outrages her? Come forward, O Marcus! show yourself. Why tremble you? He is well known to you: the last slave of the tyrant Appius and his first minister—of Appius, the mortal enemy of every virtue—of Appius, the haughty, stern, ferocious oppressor, who has ravished from you your freedom, and, to embitter the robbery, has left you your lives. Virginia is my promised bride: I love her. Who I am, I need not say: some one may perhaps remind you. I was your tribune, your defender; but in vain. You trusted rather the deceitful words of another than my free speech. We now suffer, in common slavery, the pain of your delusion. Why do I say more? The heart, the arm, the boldness of Icilius is known to you not less than the name. From you I demand my free bride. This man does not ask her: he styles her slave—he drags her, he forces her. Icilius or Marcus is a liar: say, Romans, which it is.*

That Schiller was a great dramatic and lyric poet, need be told to none who have the slightest acquaintance with European literature; but his great oratorical powers are not so generally appreciated, for they have been lost in the blaze of his poetic genius. They were, however, of the very highest order, as will at once appear from the following translation (imperfect as it, of course, is) in prose, which we have attempted of the celebrated speeches of Shrewsbury and Burleigh, who discussed before Queen Elizabeth the great question of Queen Mary's execution, in his noble tragedy of *Maria Stuart*:—

SHREWSBURY.

God, whose wondrous hand has four times protected you, and who to-day gave the feeble arm of gray hairs strength to turn aside the stroke of a madman, should inspire confidence. I will not now speak in the name of justice; this is not the time. In such a tumult, you cannot hear her still small voice. Consider this only: you are fearful now of the living Mary; but I say it is not the living you have to fear. *Tremble at the dead—the beheaded.* She will rise from the grave a fiend of dissension. She will awaken the spirit of revenge in your kingdom, and wean the hearts of your subjects from you. At present she is an object of dread to the British; but when she is no more, they will revenge her. No longer will she then be regarded as the enemy of their faith; her mournful fate will cause her to appear only as the granddaughter of their king, the victim of man's hatred and woman's jealousy. Soon will you see the change appear! Drive through London after the bloody deed has been done; show yourself to the people, who now surround you with joyful acclamations: then will you see another England, another people! No longer will you then walk forth encircled by the radiance of heavenly justice which now binds every heart to you. Dread the frightful name of tyrant which will precede you through shuddering hearts, and resound through every street where you pass. You have done the last irrevocable deed. What head stands fast when this sacred one has fallen?

* *Virginia*, Act i., s. 3.

BURLEIGH.

Thou sayest, my queen, thou lovest thy people more than thyself—show it now! Choose not peace for yourself, and leave disorder to your people. Think on the Church! Shall the ancient faith be restored with this Stuart? Shall the monk of new lord it here—the legate of Rome return to shut up our churches, dethrone our queen? I demand the souls of all your subjects from you. As you now decide, you are saved or lost. This is no time for womanish pity: the salvation of your people is your highest duty. Ha! Shrewsbury saved your life to-day? I will deliver England, and that is more.—*Maria Stuart*, Act iv., s. 7.

Demosthenes could have written nothing more powerful—Cicero imagined nothing more persuasive.

We shall now, to justify our assertion that it is in the dramatic poets of modern Europe that a parallel can alone be found to the condensed power of ancient eloquence, proceed to give a few quotations from the most celebrated speeches of antiquity. We have selected, in general, those from the historians, as they are shorter than the orations delivered in the forum, and can be given entire. A fragment from a speech of Demosthenes or Cicero gives no sort of idea of the original, because what goes before is withheld. To scholars we need not plead indulgence for the inadequacy of our translations: they will not expect what they know to be impossible.

Tacitus, in his *Life of Agricola*, puts into the mouth of Galgacus the following oration, when he was animating the Caledonians to their last battle with the Romans under Agricola.

As often as I reflect on the origin of the war and our necessities, I feel a strong conviction that this day, and your will, are about to lay the foundations of British liberty. For we have all known what slavery is, and no place of retreat lies behind us. The sea even is insecure when the Roman fleet hovers around. Thus arms and war, ever coveted by the brave, are now the only refuge of the cowardly. In former actions, in which the Britons fought with various success against the Romans, our valor was a resource to look to, for we, the noblest of all the nations, and on that account placed in its inmost recesses, unused to the spectacle of servitude, had our eyes even inviolate from its hateful sight. We, the last of the earth, and of freedom; unknown to fame, have been hitherto defended by our remoteness; now, the extreme limits of Britain appear, and the unknown is ever regarded as the magnificent. No refuge is behind us; naught but the rocks and the waves, and the deadlier Romans: men whose pride you have in vain sought to deprecate by moderation and subservience. The robbers of the globe, when the land fails they scour the sea. Is the enemy rich, they are avaricious; is he poor, they are ambitious—the East and the West are unable to satiate their desires. Wealth and poverty are alike coveted by their rapacity. To carry off, massacre, seize on false pretences, they call empire; and when they make a desert, they call it peace.

Nature has made children and relations dearest to all: they are carried off by levies to serve elsewhere: our wives and sisters, if they escape the lust of our enemies, are seduced by these friends and guests. Our goods and fortunes they seize on as tribute, our corn as supplies; our very bodies and hands they wear out amidst strifes and contumely, in fortifying stations in the woods and marshes. Serfs born in servitude are once bought, and ever after fed by their masters; Britain alone daily buys its slavery, daily feeds it. As in families the last slave purchased is

often a laughing-stock to the rest, so we, the last whom they have reduced to slavery, are the first to be agonized by their contumely, and reserved for destruction. We have neither fields, nor minerals, nor harbors, in working which we can be employed; the valor and fierceness of the vanquished are obnoxious to the victors; our very distance and obscurity, as they render us the safer, make us the more suspected. Laying aside, therefore, all hope of pardon, assume the courage of men to whom salvation and glory are alike dear. The Trinobantes, under a female leader, had courage to burn a colony and storm castles, and, had not their success rendered them negligent, they would have cast off the yoke. We, untouched and unconquered, nursed in freedom, shall we not show, on the first onset, what men Caledonia has nursed in her bosom?

Do not believe the Romans have the same prowess in war as lust in peace. They have grown great on our divisions: they know how to turn the vices of men to the glory of their own army. As it has been drawn together by success, so disaster will dissolve it, unless you suppose that the Gauls and the Germans, and, I am ashamed to say, many of the Britons, who now lend their blood to a foreign usurpation, and in their hearts are rather enemies than slaves, can be retained by faith and affection. Fear and terror are but slender bonds of attachment; when you remove them, as fear ceases terror begins. All the incitements of victory are on our side; no wives inflame the Romans; no parents are there, to call shame on their flight; they have no country, or it is elsewhere. Few in number, fearful from ignorance, gazing on unknown woods and seas, the gods have delivered them shut in and bound into your hands. Let not their vain aspect, the glitter of silver and gold, which neither covers nor wounds, alarm you. In the very line of the enemy we shall find our friends; the Britons will recognize their own cause; the Gauls will recollect their former freedom; the other Germans will desert them, as lately the Usipii have done. No objects of terror are behind them; naught but empty castles, age-ridden colonies; dissension between cruel masters and unwilling slaves, sick and discordant cities. Here is a leader, an army; there are tributes, and payments, and the badges of servitude, which to bear forever, or instantly to avenge, lies in your arms. Go forth, then, into the field, and think of your ancestors and your descendants.*

It is scarcely necessary to say that this speech was written by Tacitus: most certainly nothing half so perfect was ever conceived by Caledonian chief or Caledonian orator, from that day to this. But as the great speeches in antiquity were all written, this gives a specimen, doubtless, of the most favorable kind, of the style of oratory which prevailed amongst them. No modern historian has either ventured or been able to put anything so nervous and forcible into the mouth of any orator, how great soever. If he did, it would at once be known that it had not been spoken, but was the fruit of the composition of the closet.

Catiline, who, like many other revolutionists, possessed abilities commensurate to his wickedness, thus addressed the conspirators who were associated to overturn the sway of the Roman patricians:—

Had not your valor and fidelity been well known to me, fruitless would have been the smiles of Fortune; the prospect of as mighty domination would in vain have opened upon us; nor would I have mistaken illusive hopes for realities, uncertain things for certain. But since, on many and great occasions, I have known you to be brave and faithful, I have

ventured to engage in the greatest and noblest undertaking; for I well know that good and evil are common to you and me. That friendship at length is secure which is founded on wishing and dreading the same things. You all know what designs I have long revolved in my mind; but my confidence in them daily increases, when I reflect what our fate is likely to be, if we do not vindicate our freedom by our own hands. For, since the republic has fallen under the power and dominion of a few, kings yield their tributes, governments their profits to them: all the rest, whether strenuous, good, noble or ignoble, are the mere vulgar: without influence, without authority, we are obnoxious to those to whom, if the commonwealth existed, we should be a terror. All honor, favor, power, wealth, is centred in them, or these whom they favor: to us are left dangers, repulses, lawsuits, poverty. How long will you endure them, O ye bravest of men? Is it not better to die bravely, than drag out a miserable and dishonored life, the sport of pride, the victims of disgrace? But by the faith of gods and men, victory is in our own hands: our strength is unimpaired; our minds energetic: theirs is enfeebled by age, extinguished by riches. All that is required is to begin boldly; the rest follows of course. Where is the man of a manly spirit, who can tolerate that they should overflow with riches, which they squander in ransacking the sea, in levelling mountains, while to us the common necessities of life are wanting? They have two or more superb palaces each; we not wherein to lay our heads. When they buy pictures, statues, basso-relievos, they destroy the old to make way for the new: in every possible way they squander away their money; but all their desires are unable to exhaust their riches. At home, we have only poverty; abroad, debts: present adversity; worse prospects. What, in fine, is left us, but our woe-stricken souls? What, then, shall we do? That, that which you have ever most desired. Liberty is before your eyes; and it will soon bring riches, renown, glory: Fortune holds out these rewards to the victors. The time, the place, our dangers, our wants, the splendid spoils of war, exhort you more than my words. Make use of me either as a commander or a private soldier. Neither in soul or body will I be absent from your side. These deeds I hope I shall perform as consul with you, unless my hopes deceive me, and you are prepared rather to obey as slaves, than to command as rulers.*

The topics here handled are the same which in every age have been the staple of the conspirator and the revolutionist; but it may be doubted whether they ever were put together with such force and address. The same desperate chief, on the eve of their last conflict with the consular legions:—

I well know, fellow-soldiers, that words add nothing to the valor of the brave; and that an army will not be made from slothful, strenuous—from timid, courageous, by any speech from its commander. Whatever boldness nature or training has implanted in any one, that appears in war. It is vain to exhort those whom neither dangers nor glory excite. Terror shuts their ears. But I have called you together to mention a few things, and to make you sharers of my councils. You know, soldiers, what a calamity has been brought upon us by the cowardice of Lentulus; and how, when I awaited succors from the city, I was unable to set out for Gaul. Now, however, I will candidly tell you how our affairs stand. Two armies, one issuing from Rome, one from Gaul, beset us: want of provisions obliges us quickly to change our quarters, even if we inclined to remain where we are. Wherever we determine to go, we must open a way with our swords. Therefore it is that I admonish you that you have now need of stern and determined minds:

* *Agricola*, c. 31, 32.

* *Sallust*, *Bell. Cat.*

and, when you engage in battle, recollect that riches, honor, glory, in addition to liberty, are to be won by your own right hands. If we conquer, everything awaits us: provisions will be abundant, colonies ready, cities open. If we yield from fear, circumstances are equally adverse: neither solitude nor friend shields him whom his arms cannot protect. Besides, soldiers, the same necessity does not impel them as us. We fight for our country, our liberty, our lives; they for the domination of a few. On that account, mindful of your pristine valor, advance to the attack. You might have, with disgrace, lingered out a miserable life in exile: a few bereft of their possessions, might have remained, fed by charity, at Rome; but as such a fate seemed intolerable to free-men, you have attended me here. If you would shun these evils, now is the moment to do so. None ever exchanged war for peace, save by victory. To hope for safety in flight, and, at the same time, rescue from the enemy the arms by which the body is covered, is the height of madness. Ever in battle they run the greatest danger who are most timid: boldness is the only real rampart. When I reflect on you and your deeds, O soldiers, I have great hopes of victory. Your spirit, your age, your bravery, encourage me: besides necessity, which makes heroes even of cowards. The straits of the ground secure you from being outflanked by the enemy. Should Fortune fail to second your valor, beware lest you perish unavenged. Rather fall, fighting like men, and leave a mournful and bloody triumph to your enemies, than be butchered like sheep when captured by their arms.*

With what exquisite judgment and taste is the stern and mournful style of this speech suited to the circumstances, all but desperate, in which Catiline's army was then placed!

No one supposes that these were the identical words delivered by Catiline on this occasion. Unquestionably, Sallust shines through in every line. But they were probably his ideas; and, unquestionably, they were in the true style of ancient oratory. And that what was spoken fully equalled what has come down to us written, is proved by innumerable passages in speeches which undoubtedly were spoken; among which, we select the graphic picture of Antony in his revels—spoken by Cælius, and preserved by Quintilian:—

They found him (Antony) oppressed with a half-drunken sleep, snoring aloud, lying across the most beautiful concubines while others were reposing around. The latter, when they perceived the approach of an enemy, strove to awaken Antony, but in vain. They called on him by name, they raised him by the neck: one whispered softly in his ear, one struck him sharply; but to no purpose. When he was so far roused as to recognize the voice or touch of the nearest, he put his arms round her neck, unable alike to sleep and to rise up; but half in a stupor, he was tossed about between the hands of the centurions and the harlots.†

What a picture of the triumvir and rival of Brutus, as well as of the corrupted manners of Rome!

Demosthenes, in his celebrated speech against Æschines, burst into the following strain of indignant invective:—

You taught writing, I learned it: you were an instructor, I was the instructed: you danced at the games, I presided over them: you wrote as a clerk, I pleaded as an advocate: you were an actor in the theatres, I a spectator: you broke down, I hissed: you ever took counsel for our enemies, I for our country. In fine, now on this day the point at issue is—Am I, yet unstained in character, worthy of a crown?

* Sallust, *Bell. Cat.* † Quintilian, lib. iv. 2.

while to you is reserved the lot of a calumniator, and you are in danger of being silenced by not having obtained the fifth part of the votes.

I have not fortified the city with stone, nor adorned it with tiles, neither do I take any credit for such things. But if you would behold my works aright, you will find arms, and cities, and stations, and harbors, and ships, and horses, and those who are to make use of them in our defence. This is the rampart I have raised for Attica, as much as human wisdom could effect: with these I fortified the whole country, not the Piræus only and the city. I never sank before the arms or cunning of Philip. No! it was by the supineness of your own generals and allies that he triumphed.*

We add only an extract from the noble speech of Pericles, on those who had died in the service of their country, which is the more valuable that Thucydides, who has recorded it in his history, says that the version he has given of that masterpiece of oratory is nearly the same as he heard from Pericles himself.

Wherefore I will congratulate rather than bewail the parents of those who have fallen that are present. They know that they were born to suffering. But the lot of those is most to be envied who have come to such an end, that it is hard to say whether their life or their death is most honorable. I know it is difficult to persuade you of this, who had often rejoiced in the good fortune of others; and it is not when we are deprived of goods not yet attained that we feel grief, but when we are bereaved of what we have already enjoyed. To some the hope of other children, who may emulate those who have gone before, may be a source of consolation. Future offspring may awaken fresh interests in place of the dead; and will doubly benefit the city by peopling its desert places, and providing for its defence. We cannot expect that those who have no children, whom they may place in peril for their country, can be considered on a level with such as have made the sacrifices which those have made. To such of you as time has denied this hope, I would say, "Rejoice in the honor which your children have won, and let that console the few years that still remain to you—for the love of glory alone knows no age; and in the decline of life it is not the acquisition of gain, as some say, which confers pleasure, but the consciousness of being honored.

To the children and brothers of those we mourn, who are here present, I foresee a noble contest. Every one praises the dead. You should endeavor, I will not say, to equal those we have lost, but to be only a little inferior to them. Envy often divides the living; but the grave extinguishes jealousy, for it terminates rivalry. I must speak of the virtue of the women who have shared in our bereavement; but I shall do so in a few words. Great will be your renown, if you do not yield to the weakness of your sex; and place as little difference as possible between yourselves and the virtue of men. I propose that the children of those who have fallen should be maintained, till puberty, at the public expense—a reward at once to the virtue of the dead, and an incitement to the emulation of the living; for among those to whom the highest rewards of virtue are opened, the most worthy citizens are found. And now, having honored the dead by your mourning, depart every one to his home.†

Enough—and some may, perhaps, think more than enough—has been done to convey an idea of that far-famed oratory, of which Milton has said—

Thence to the famous orators repair,
Those ancients, whose resistless eloquence

* *De Coronâ, Orat. Græc.* l. 315, 325.

† Thucydides, ii. § 32, 33.

Wielded at will that fierce democracy,
Shook the arsenal, and fulminated over Greece,
To Macedon, and Artaxerxes' throne.*

For comparison with these splendid passages, we gladly lay before our readers the famous peroration of Mr. Burke's oration against Mr. Hastings, long esteemed the masterpiece of British eloquence.

My lords, at this awful close, in the name of the Commons, and surrounded by them, I attest the retiring, I attest the advancing generations, between which, as a link in the great chain of eternal order, we stand. We call this nation, we call the world to witness, that the Commons have shrunk from no labor; that we have been guilty of no prevarication; that we have made no compromise with crime; that we have not feared any odium whatsoever, in the long warfare which we have carried on with the crimes—with the vices—with the exorbitant wealth—with the enormous and overpowering influence of Eastern corruption. This war, my lords, we have waged for twenty-two years, and the conflict has been fought, at your lordships' bar, for the last seven years. My lords, twenty-two years is a great space in the scale of the life of man; it is no inconsiderable space in the history of a great nation. A business which has so long occupied the councils and the tribunals of Great Britain, cannot possibly be huddled over in the course of vulgar, trite, and transitory events. Nothing but some of those great revolutions, that break the traditionary chain of human memory, and alter the very face of nature itself, can possibly obscure it. My lords, we are all elevated to a degree of importance by it; the meanest of us will, by means of it, more or less, become the concern of posterity—if we are yet to hope for such a thing, in the present state of the world, as a recording, retrospective, civilized posterity; but this is in the hand of the great Disposer of events; it is not ours to settle how it shall be. My lords, your house yet stands; it stands as a great edifice; but let me say, that it stands in the midst of ruins—in the midst of the ruins that have been made by the greatest moral earthquake that ever convulsed or shattered this globe of ours. My lords, it has pleased Providence to place us in such a state, that we appear every moment to be upon the verge of some great mutations. There is one thing, and one thing only, which defies all mutation, that which existed before the world, and will survive the fabric of the world itself—I mean justice; that justice which, emanating from the Divinity, has a place in the breast of every one of us, given us for our guide with regard to ourselves and with regard to others, and which will stand, after this globe is burned to ashes, our advocate or our accuser before the great Judge, when He comes to call upon us for the tenor of a well-spent life.

My lords, the Commons will share in every fate with your lordships; there is nothing sinister which can happen to you, in which we shall not all be involved; and if it should so happen that we shall be subjected to some of those frightful changes which we have seen—if it should happen that your lordships, stripped of all the decorous distinctions of human society, should, by hands at once base and cruel, be led to those scaffolds and machines of murder upon which great kings and glorious queens have shed their blood, amidst the prelates, amidst the nobles, amidst the magistrates, who supported their thrones, may you in those moments feel that consolation which I am persuaded they felt in the critical moments of their dreadful agony!

My lords, if you must fall, may you so fall! but if you stand—and stand I trust you will—together with the fortune of this ancient monarchy—together with the ancient laws and liberties of this great and

* *Paradise Regained*, iv. 263.

illustrious kingdom—may you stand as unimpeached in honor as in power; may you stand, not as a substitute for virtue, but as an ornament of virtue, as a security for virtue; may you stand long, and long stand the terror of tyrants; may you stand the refuge of afflicted nations; may you stand a sacred temple, for the perpetual residence of an inviolable justice.*

The peroration of Lord Brougham's speech in favor of Queen Caroline, which was carefully studied, and, it is said, written over several times, is not unworthy to be placed beside this splendid burst.

Such, my lords, is the case before you! such is the evidence in support of this measure—evidence inadequate to prove a debt, impotent to deprive of a civil right, ridiculous to convict of the lowest offence, scandalous, if brought forward to support a charge of the highest nature which the law knows, monstrous to ruin the honor and blast the name of an English queen! What shall I say, then, if this is the proof by which an act of judicial legislation, a parliamentary sentence, an *ex post facto* law, is sought to be passed against a defenceless woman? My lords, I pray you to pause: I do earnestly beseech you to take heed. You are standing upon the brink of a precipice—then beware! It will go forth as your judgment, if sentence shall pass against the queen. But it will be the only judgment you ever pronounced, which, instead of reaching its object, will return and bound back upon those who give it. Save the country, my lords, from the horrors of this catastrophe—save yourselves from this peril. Reverse that country of which you are the ornaments, but in which you can flourish no longer, when severed from the people, than the blossom when cut off from the roots and the stem of the tree. Save that country, that you may continue to adorn it; save the crown, which is in jeopardy, the aristocracy, which is shaken; save the altar, which must stagger with the blow that rends its kindred throne! You have said, my lords, you have willed, the church to the queen, have willed that she should be deprived of its solemn service. She has, instead of that solemnity, the heartfelt prayers of the people. She wants no prayers of mine. But I do here pour forth my humble supplication to the Throne of mercy, that that mercy may be poured down upon the people, in a larger measure than the merits of its rulers may deserve, and that your hearts may be turned to justice.†

On the trial of Mr. John Stockdale, Lord Erskine thus spoke:—

I have been speaking of man and his nature, and of human dominion, from what I have seen of them myself among nations reluctant of our authority. I know what they feel, and how such feelings can alone be repressed. I have heard them in my youth from a naked savage, in the indignant character of a prince, surrounded by his subjects, addressing the governor of a British colony, holding a bundle of sticks in his hand, as the notes of his unlettered eloquence. "Who is it," said the jealous ruler of the desert, encroached upon by the restless foot of English adventure—"who is it that causes to blow the loud winds of winter, and that calms them again in summer? Who is it that causes this river to rise in the high mountains, and to empty itself into the ocean? Who is it that rears up the shade of these lofty forests, and blasts them with the quick lightning at his pleasure? The same Being who gave to you a country on the other side of the waters, and gave ours to us; and by this title we will defend it," said the warrior, throwing his tomahawk upon the ground, and raising the war-sound of his nation. These are the feelings of subjugated man

* *Burke's Works*, vol. xvi. pages 415-418, 420.

† *Brougham's Speeches*, i. 227, 228.

all round the globe; and, depend upon it, nothing but fear will control where it is vain to look for affection.*

Some of Mr. Grattan's speeches are said to have been the most eloquent ever delivered in the House of Commons. The following burst of indignant patriotism, on the supposed wrongs of Ireland, affords a favorable specimen of his style of oratory:—

Hereafter, when these things shall be history, your age of thralldom and poverty, your sudden resurrection, commercial redress, and miraculous armament, shall the historian stop to declare, that here the principal men amongst us fell into mimic traces of gratitude: they were awed by a weak ministry, and bribed by an empty treasury; and when liberty was within their grasp, and the temple opened her folding-doors, and the arms of the people clanged, and the zeal of the nation urged and encouraged them on, that they fell down, and were prostituted at the threshold.

I will not be answered by a public lie in the shape of an amendment: neither, speaking for the subjects' freedom, am I to hear of faction. I wish for nothing but to breathe in this our island, in common with my fellow-subjects, the air of liberty. I have no ambition, unless it be the ambition to break your chains, and contemplate your glory. I never will be satisfied as long as the meanest cottager in Ireland has a link of the British chain clanking in his rags: he may be naked, he shall not be in irons. And I do see the time is at hand, the spirit is gone forth, the declaration is planted: and though great men should apostatize, yet the cause will live: and though the public speaker should die, yet the immortal fire shall outlast the organ which conveyed it, and the breath of liberty, like the word of the holy man, shall not die with the prophet, but survive him.†

We shall add only to these copious and interesting quotations two passages from the greatest masters of French eloquence.

Bossuet, in his funeral oration on Henrietta, daughter of France and queen of England, the consort of Charles I., thus expresses himself:—

Christians! (says he, in the exordium of his discourse,) it is not surprising that the memory of a great queen—the daughter, the wife, the mother of monarchs—should attract you from all quarters to this melancholy ceremony; it will bring forcibly before your eyes one of those awful examples which demonstrate to the world the vanity of which it is composed. You will see in her single life the extremes of human things: felicity without bounds, miseries without parallel; a long and peaceable enjoyment of one of the most noble crowns in the universe—all that birth and grandeur could confer that was glorious—all that adversity and suffering could accumulate that was disastrous; the good cause attended at first with some success, then involved in the most dreadful disasters. Revolutions unheard of, rebellion long restrained, at length reigning triumphant; no curb there to license, no laws in force. Majesty itself violated by bloody hands—usurpation and tyranny, under the name of liberty—a fugitive queen, who can find no retreat in her three kingdoms, and was forced to seek in her native country a melancholy exile. Nine sea voyages undertaken against her will by a queen, in spite of wintry tempests—a throne unworthily overturned, and miraculously reestablished. Behold the lessons which God has given to kings: thus does He manifest to the world the nothingness of its pomps and its grandeur. If our words fail, if language sinks beneath the grandeur of such a subject, the simple narrative is more touching than aught that words can convey. The heart of a great queen, formerly elevated by so

long a course of prosperity, then steeped in all the bitterness of affliction, will speak in sufficiently touching language; and if it is not given to a private individual to teach the proper lessons from so mournful a catastrophe, the King of Israel has supplied the words—"Hear, O ye great of the earth! Take lessons, ye rulers of the world!"*

A very different man from Bossuet, but who was, perhaps, his superior in nervous eloquence, Robespierre, thus spoke on the last occasion when he addressed the Convention, then bent on his destruction:—

They call me a tyrant! If I were so, they would fall at my feet: I should have gorged them with gold, assured them of impunity to their crimes, and they would have worshipped me. Had I been so, the kings whom we have conquered would have been my most cordial supporters. It is by the aid of scoundrels you arrive at tyranny. Whither tend those who combat them? To the tomb and immortality! Who is the tyrant that protects me? What is the faction to which I belong? It is yourselves! What is the party which, since the commencement of the revolution, has crushed all other factions—has annihilated so many specious traitors? It is yourselves; it is the people; it is the force of principles! This is the party to which I am devoted, and against which crime is everywhere leagued. I am ready to lay down my life without regret. I have seen the past: I foresee the future. What lover of his country would wish to live, when he can no longer succor oppressed innocence? Why should he desire to remain in an order of things where intrigue eternally triumphs over truth—where justice is deemed an imposture—where the vilest passions, the most ridiculous fears, fill every heart, instead of the sacred interests of humanity? Who can bear the punishment of seeing the horrible succession of traitors, more or less skilful in concealing their hideous vices under the mask of virtue, and who will leave to posterity the difficult task of determining which was the most atrocious? In contemplating the multitude of vices which the revolution has let loose pell-mell with the civic virtues, I own I sometimes fear that I myself shall be sullied in the eyes of posterity by their calumnies. But I am consoled by the reflection that, if I have seen in history all the defenders of liberty overwhelmed by calumny, I have seen their oppressors die also. The good and the bad disappear alike from the earth; but in very different conditions. No, Chaumette! "Death is not an eternal sleep!"—Citizens, efface from the tombs that maxim, engraven by sacrilegious hands, which throws a funeral pall over nature, which discourages oppressed innocence: write rather, "Death is the commencement of immortality!" I leave to the oppressors of the people a terrible legacy, which well becomes the situation in which I am placed; it is the awful truth, "Thou shalt die!"‡

It must be evident to every impartial person, from these quotations, that the superiority of ancient to modern eloquence, so far as the art itself is concerned, is great and indisputable. The strong opinion of Lord Brougham, on this subject, must command the universal assent of every reasonable mind:—

It is impossible for any but the most careless observer, to avoid remarking the great differences which distinguish the oratory of ancient from that of modern times. The immeasurable superiority of the former is far from being the only, or even the principal of these diversities: that proceeds, in part, from the greater power of the languages, especially the Greek—the instrument wielded by the great

* *Erskine's Speeches*, ii. 263.

† *Grattan's Speeches*, i. 52, 53.

* *Bossuet, Oraisons Funébres*.

‡ *Hist. Parl.*, xxxiii. 406.

masters of diction; and in so far the superiority must forever remain undiminished by any efforts on the part of modern rhetoricians. If, in such varied and perfect excellences, the most prominent shall be selected, then doubtless is the palm due to that entire and uninterrupted devotion which throws the speaker's whole soul into his subject, and will not even—no, not for an instant—suffer a rival idea to cross its resistless course, without being swiftly swept away and driven out of sight, as the most rapid engine annihilates or shoots off whatever approaches it with a velocity that defies the eye. There is no coming back on the same ground, any more than any lingering over it. All is done at once; but the blow is as effectual as it is single, and leaves not anything to do. All is at each instant moving forward, regardless of every obstacle. The mighty flood of speech rolls on in a channel ever full, but which never overflows. Whether it rushes in a torrent of allusion, or moves along in a majestic exposition of enlarged principles, descends hoarse and headlong in overwhelming invective, or glides melodious in narrative and description, or spreads itself out shining in illustrations, its course is ever onward and ever entire; never scattered, never stagnant, never sluggish. At each point manifest progress has been made, and with all that art can do to charm, strike, and please. No sacrifice, even the smallest, is ever made to effect; nor can the hearer ever stop for an instant to contemplate or admire, or throw away, a thought upon the great artist, till all is over, and the pause gives time to recover his breath.*

It is the more remarkable that this great and decisive superiority on the part of ancient oratory should exist, when it is recollected that the information, sphere of ideas, and imagery at the command of public speakers, in modern times, is so widely extended in comparison of what it was in Greece and Rome. As much as the wide circuit of the globe exceeds the limited shores of the Mediterranean Sea, do the knowledge and ideas which the modern orator may make use of outstrip those which were at the disposal of the brightest genius in antiquity. Science has, since the fall of Rome, been infinitely extended, and furnished a great variety of images and allusions—many of them of the most elevated kind—which at once convey a clear idea to any educated audience, and awaken in their minds associations or recollections of a pleasing or ennobling description. The vast additions made to geographical and physical knowledge have rendered the wide surface of the globe, and the boundless wonders of the heavens, the theme alike for the strains of the poet, the meditations of the philosopher, and the eloquence of the orator. Modern poetry has added its treasures to those which antiquity had bequeathed to us, as if to augment the chords which eloquence can touch in the human heart. Chivalry has furnished a host of images, ideas, and associations wholly unknown to ancient times; but which, however at times fantastic or high-flown, are all of an ennobling character, because they tend to elevate humanity above itself, and combat the selfish by the very excess of the generous affections. History has immensely extended the sphere of known events, and not only studded the annals of mankind with the brightest instances of heroism or virtue, but afforded precedents applicable to almost every change that can occur in the varied circumstances of human transaction. Above all, Religion has opened a new fountain in the human heart, and

implanted in every bosom, with the exception only of those utterly depraved, associations and recollections at once of the most purifying and moving kind. The awful imagery and touching incidents of the Old Testament, exceeding those in the *Iliad* itself in sublimity and pathos; the pure ideas and universal charity of the New, as much above the utmost efforts of unassisted humanity, have given the orator, in modern times, a store of images and associations which, of all others, are the most powerful in moving the human heart. If one half of this magazine of ideas and knowledge had been at the disposal of the orators of antiquity, they would have exceeded those of modern Europe as much in the substance and magnificence of their thoughts, as they already do in the felicity and force of their expression.

A key may be found to the causes of this remarkable superiority in ancient eloquence, notwithstanding the comparatively limited extent of the materials of which they had the disposal, in the very qualities in which the ancient orators stand preëminent. It is the exquisite taste and abbreviated force of their expression which renders them unrivalled. In reading their speeches, we are perpetually tempted to shut the book even in the most interesting passages, to reflect on the inimitable brevity and beauty of the language. It is a mistake to say this is owing to the construction of the Greek and Roman languages, to the absence of auxiliary verbs, and the possibility of combining expression, as in modern German, so as to convey a complex idea in a single word. Undoubtedly that is true; but who made the ancient languages at once so copious and condensed? It was the ancients themselves who did this. It was they who moulded their tongues into so brief and expressive a form, and, in the course of their progressive formation through successive centuries, rendered them daily more brief and more comprehensive. It was the men who made the language—not the language the men. It was their burning thoughts which created such energetic expressions, as if to let loose at once the pent-up fires of the soul. Those who assert the reverse fall into the same error as the philosophers who ascribe the character of the Anglo-Saxons to their institutions, when, in truth, their institutions are owing to their character.

The main causes to which the extraordinary perfection of ancient oratory are to be ascribed, are the great pains which were bestowed on the education of the higher classes in this most difficult art, and the practice of preparing nearly all their finest orations before delivery. It will sound strange in modern ears to assign these as the causes of this undoubted superiority, when the practice with them is in both particulars directly the reverse; but a very little consideration must convince every reasonable mind that it is to these that it is to be ascribed.

Great as is the importance and undoubted the influence of eloquence in modern Europe, it is by no means so considerable as it was in the states of antiquity. This arises in part from the different structure of government in ancient and modern times. We hear nothing of eloquence in Persia, Egypt, or the East. Military power, political address, were then, as they have ever since been in that part of the world, the sole passports to greatness. But it was otherwise in the republics which studded the shores of the Mediterranean Sea. Universally, in them, supreme power was lodged in the citizens of a single city, or in them jointly with the landowners in the vicinity, who could with ease attend

* Lord Brougham on the Eloquence of the Ancients. *Speeches*, iv., 379, 445, 446.

its public assemblies. Every free citizen had a vote in those assemblies, in which every subject, political, social, and judicial, was discussed and determined. Questions of peace and war, of imposing or taking off taxes, of concluding treaties, of domestic laws, of appointing generals and ambassadors, of providing for the public subsistence, of determining private suits, of criminal punishments, of life and death, were all submitted to those assemblies, debated in their presence, and decided by their suffrages. Political power, personal fame, the direction of the state, the command of its armaments, the decision of its dearest public and private interests, were all to be attained by obtaining a sway in these public assemblies, and could seldom be obtained in any other way. Hence it was that, as has been finely observed, in modern times, the soldier is brave, and the lawyer is eloquent; but in ancient, the soldier was eloquent, and the lawyer was brave. Power of any sort could be attained only by acquiring an ascendancy in the popular assemblies; whoever acquired that ascendancy was liable to be immediately called to command the fleets or armies of the republic. Whatever opinions may be formed of the tendency of such a system of government, to insure either the wise direction of its civil interests or the successful protection of its military enterprises, there can be but one as to its effect in insuring the highest attention to oratory, by which alone the command of either could be obtained.

But, in addition to this, the two great instruments of power which, in modern times, so often outweigh the influence of spoken oratory, were wanting. The press was unknown in antiquity; there was no public religious instruction; there were neither daily newspapers to discuss passing events, nor a stock of printed works to form the principles of the people, or mould their judgments, nor an Established Church, to give them early and creditable impressions. Education, derived entirely from oral instruction or costly manuscripts, was so extremely expensive that it was beyond the reach of all but the most wealthy classes. Three fourths of the persons who had votes in any public assembly had their principles formed, their information acquired, their taste refined, in the theatres and the forum. The temples were open for sacrifice or ceremonies only; not for instruction in religious principle or moral duty. Immense was the addition which this entire want alike of a public press, and a system of religious instruction, had upon the importance of popular oratory. The tragedian and the orator had the entire moulding of the public mind in their hand, alike in fixed principle, previous prepossessions, and instant decision. No daily, or monthly, or quarterly paper existed to form the subject of study at home; no standard works were in every one's hands, to give principles right or wrong, from which they were very unlikely to swerve;—no religious tuition, to the influence of which, in any momentous crisis, appeal might be made. The eloquence of the forum, the transports of the theatre, were all in all.

It resulted, from this extraordinary and most perilous power of oratory in ancient times, that the attention bestowed throughout life, but especially in youth, on training to excellence in it, was unbounded. In truth, education with them was so much directed to the study and the practice of oratory, that it formed in most of their academies the main object of instruction. Other topics—philosophy, poetry, science, mathematics, history—were not neglected, but they were considered chiefly as

subordinate to oratory—rather, they were the preparatory studies, from which a perfect orator was to be formed. Cicero says expressly, that there is no subject of human knowledge of which the orator may not avail himself, in his public address, and which may not serve to enlighten his narrative, strengthen his argument, or adorn his expression.* This shows how lofty was the idea which he had formed of this noble art, and the aids which he was fain to obtain for it, from all, even the most dissimilar, branches of human knowledge. The greatest orators and philosophers of antiquity devoted themselves to instruction in its principles, and consideration of the manner of cultivating it with the highest success. Demosthenes taught, as every schoolboy knows, for a talent; a sum above £200, and equal to at least £500 in modern times. Cicero has left several beautiful treatises on oratory; Isocrates owes his fame mainly to his writings on the same subject; Quintilian has bequeathed to us a most elaborate work on its principles, and the mode of its instruction; the treatise of Aristotle on oratory is not the least celebrated of his immortal works. So vast was the number, and so great was the influence of the schools of rhetoric, that they came, in the later days of antiquity, to supersede almost every other subject of study; they attracted the ingenious youth from every part of the world to the groves of the Academy, and singly supported the prosperity and fame of Greece, for centuries after they had sunk under the withering grasp or declining fortunes of the Byzantine empire.

It is evident from these considerations, as well as the intrinsic beauties which the great masters of the art exhibit, that oratory in ancient times was regarded as one of the *Fine Arts*. It was considered not merely as the means of winning the favor, of convincing the judgment, or securing the suffrages of the judges, but of moving the affections, rousing the feelings, and elevating the mind. Quintilian mentions the various definitions of the art of oratory which had been invented by the rhetorical writers of antiquity, and he inclines to that of Cicero, who held that it was the art of speaking "*apte ad persuadendum*." This was its end, its aim; and undoubtedly it was so; but the *modes of persuasion*—the methods of influencing the judgment or moving the affections—were as various as the channels by which the intellect may be determined, the feelings roused, or the heart touched. Not less than poetry, painting, or statuary, they classed oratory among the fine arts; and, indeed, they placed it at the head of them all, because it embraced all their influences, and retouched, as it were, by allusion, all the chords which they had previously caused to vibrate. The surprising force with which they did this, considering the comparatively limited stock of ideas, knowledge, and imagery which was at their dis-

* "Quis enim nescit, maximam vim existere oratoris in hominum mentibus vel ad iram aut ad odium aut dolorem incitandis, vel, ab hisce iisdem permotionibus, ad lenitatem misericordiamque revocandis? quare, nisi qui naturas hominum, vimque omnem humanitatis, causasque eas quibus mentes aut incitantur aut reflectuntur, penitus perspexerit, dicendo, quod volet, perficere non poterit. Quam ob rem, si quis universam et propriam oratoris vim definire complectique vult, is orator erit, mea sententia, hoc tam gravi dignus nomine, qui, quacumque res incidit, quæ sit dictione, explicanda, prudenter, et composite, et ornate, et memoriter dicat, cum quadam etiam actionis dignitate. Est enim finitimus oratori poeta, numeris adstrictior paulo, verborum autem licentia liberior, multis vero ornandi generibus socius, ac pæne par."—*De Oratore*, lib. i. cap. 17.

posal, compared to what it obtains in modern times, affords the most decisive proof of the great attention they had bestowed on the principles of the art, and the perfection to which they had brought the means of influencing the mind—not only by the force of reason, or the conceptions of genius, but by all the subordinate methods by which their effect in delivery was to be augmented. With them the object of oratory was not merely to persuade the understanding, but

To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To move the passions, and to melt the heart.

Nor was less attention bestowed, in ancient times, upon training young men, to whatever profession they were destined, in that important and difficult branch of oratory which consists in intonation and delivery. It is well known that this is a branch of the art which is susceptible of the very greatest improvement by education and practice, and that even the brightest natural genius can rarely attain it, without the aid of instruction or the lessons of experience. The surprising improvement which is so often observed in persons trained to different professions or habits, when they have been for some time engaged in public speaking—above all, in emphasis and action—affords daily proof of the vast effects of practice and experience in brightening the delivery of thought. The prodigious influence of accent and intonation in adding to the power of eloquence is equally well known, and may often be perceived in listening to the difference between the same verses when recited by an ordinary reader, and what they appear when illuminated by the genius, or enforced by the feeling of a Kemble or a Faucit. The ancients, accordingly, were indefatigable in their endeavors to improve themselves in this particular, and availed themselves of means to attain perfection in it to which modern genius would scarcely condescend. Cicero, when advanced in life, and in the meridian of his fame, took lessons from Roscius, the great tragic actor of the day; and the efforts of Demosthenes to overcome the impediments of a defective elocution, by putting pebbles in his mouth, and declaiming on the shores of the ocean, the roar of which resembled the murmurs of the forum, demonstrate that the greatest masters of the art of eloquence were fully alive to the vast influence of a powerful voice and animated delivery, in heightening the effect even of the most perfect efforts of oratory, and disdained no means of adding to their impression. When asked, What is the first requisite of eloquence? the last of these orators answered “Action;” the second? “Action;” the third? “Action.” Without going so great a length, and admitting the full influence of the genius of Demosthenes in composing the speeches which he so powerfully delivered, every one must admit the influence of an impassioned delivery in heightening the effect of the highest, and concealing the defects of the most ordinary oratory.

Quintilian opens his second book by a discussion of the question, which he says occupied a prominent place in the schools of antiquity, at what age a boy should be taken from the teachers of grammar, and delivered to the instructors in rhetoric. By the former, they were taught grammar and the elements of composition; by the latter, exercised in themes, compositions in their own language, translations from Greek, extempore debate, and instructed in declamation, intonation, and action. They were not sent out into the world till they had spent

several years in the latter preparatory studies and exercises; and in them were trained young men of all sorts, whether intended for the civil or military classes. It was this which gave its statesmen and generals so wonderful a command of the means of moving the human heart, and enabled them, in the most trying situations, and often in the crisis of a battle or the heat of a tumult, to utter those noble and impassioned sentiments which so often determined the fate of the day, or even the fortunes of their country; and which are so perfect, that, when recorded in the historians of antiquity, they have the appearance of having been imagined by the genius of the writer. Nor was the attention to these elements of eloquence sensibly diminished in the progress of time, when the establishment of absolute power in the hands of a single person had transferred, as in the days of Napoleon, the discussion of all public or national questions to the council of state, or the private closet of the emperor. On the contrary, it seems to have daily increased, and was never so great as when the military fortunes of the empire were declining, and its external influence yielding to the increasing weight of the northern nations. A false and turgid style of eloquence, indeed, became then generally prevalent, as it always does in the later days of a nation, and in periods of political servitude; but attention to the means of attaining it underwent no diminution. The wisdom or policy of the emperors left various important functions to their *municipia*, or “little senates,” as they were called. The judicial functions, for the most part, were still intrusted to the citizens; they had the management, almost uncontrolled, of their local concerns; and so great was the importance of securing their suffrages that the power of influencing them, by means of oratory, continued to the very last to be the chief object of instruction to the youth.

The instructors of youth in England have practically solved the question which divided the teachers of antiquity, for they deliver the youth at once from the grammar-school to the forum. They teach him the dead languages incessantly, up to the age of eighteen, at school; in the universities, mathematics in one university, and logic in the other, divide his time with the composition of Greek prose or Latin verse. But in those branches of study which have a bearing on eloquence, or are likely to improve the style of composition, the main attention of all is still directed to composition in the *dead languages*. They think the art of speaking or writing in English is not to be learned by exercise in that language, but by exercise in another. They hold we are likely to become eloquent in this our English isle, not by translating Cicero into English, but by translating Addison into Latin; to become great poets, not by rendering Horace into the tongue of Gray and Campbell, but by rendering the immortal verses of these into the languages of Pindar or Virgil. Cicero and Mr. Pitt were of an opposite opinion. They held that, although the study of the masterpieces of antiquity is the great school of oratory, and the best path to rivalling their beauties, yet this is to be done, not by prosecuting the vain endeavor to emulate, in these days, their perfection in *their tongue*, but by seeking to *transfer it to our own*. Translations from the Greek into Latin formed a large part of the preparatory studies of Cicero—from Thucydides and Cicero were the favorite occupation at college of Mr. Pitt.* It

* “Postea mihi placuit, eoque sum usus adolescens, ut summorum oratorum Græcas orationes explicarem; qui-

may be that these great masters of ancient and modern eloquence were wrong—that their time would have been better employed in composing Greek and Latin verses, in attaining a thorough knowledge of Greek and Latin prosody, or becoming masters of all the niceties of Greek or Latin prose composition; but we shall not enter on the great debate. We are content to let education for all classes, in our universities, remain what Mr. Locke long ago said it was, the education of schoolmasters;* and shall content ourselves with signaling this peculiar system of training as one great cause of the admitted inferiority of modern to ancient eloquence.

None can be more thoroughly impressed than we are with the vast importance of these noble establishments, or their effect in elevating the tone of the national mind, and improving the taste of the youth who daily issue from their walls. It is just from a sense of these advantages that we are so desirous to enhance and extend the sphere of their usefulness, and, by keeping them abreast of the age, and prepared to meet its wants, secure for the classes they instruct the lead in the national affairs to which they are entitled.

It cannot be disputed that, although English composition, or translation from the classics into English, is not altogether overlooked in the English universities, yet it forms a subordinate object of attention. We are all aware how many eminent men have first become celebrated by their prize poems. But those are the exceptions, not the rule. The classics at one university, the higher mathematics at another, form the great passports to distinction; the highest honors at either are only to be won by attention to one or other, or both, of these branches of knowledge. It is not surprising that, when this is the case, the attention of the young men should be mainly turned to composition in the dead languages, or to the most abstruse parts of mathematics; and that when they come to speak in public, or deliver sermons in their own language, they should, in the great majority of cases, be entire novices, both as concerns the method of

bus lectis, hoc assequer, ut, cum ea, quæ legerem Græcè, Latine redderem, non solum optimis verbis uter, et tamen usitatis, sed etiam exprimerem quædam verba imitando, quæ nova nostris essent, dummodo essent idonea."—*De Oratore*, l. i. 34. "All Mr. Pitt's leisure hours at college were devoted to translating the finest passages in the classical authors, especially Thucydides, into English, which he did freely, to the no small annoyance of his tutors."—*Tomline's Life of Pitt*, i. 23.

* "For the exercise of the student's writing, let him sometimes translate Latin into English. But by all means obtain, if you can, that he be not employed in making Latin themes and declamations, and, least of all, verses of any kind. Latin is a language foreign in this country, and long since dead everywhere—a language in which your son, it is a thousand to one, shall never have occasion once to make a speech as long as he lives, after he comes to be a man; and a language in which the manner of expressing one's self is so far different from ours, that, to be perfect in that, would very little improve the purity and facility of his English style. I can see no pretence for this sort of exercise in our schools, unless it can be supposed that the making of set Latin speeches should be the way to teach men to speak well in English extempore. Still more is to be said against young men making Latin verses. If any one thinks poetry a desirable quality in his son, and that the study of it would raise his fancy and parts, he must needs yet confess that, to that end, reading the excellent Greek and Roman poets is of more use than making bad verses of his own in a language that is not his own. And he whose design it is to read in English poetry would not, I guess, think the way to it was to make his first essays in Latin verses."—*Locke on Education*, § 169, 174.

composition and the graces of oratory. They are, in truth, called upon for the first time to speak what is to them a *foreign* language; to discuss topics, to them, for the most part, unknown; and practise a difficult art, that of delivery, to which they are entire strangers. If they were to address their audiences in Greek, they might possibly rival *Æschines* or *Demosthenes*; if in Latin, outstrip *Cicero*; and if required to compose verses, equal *Horace* or *Pindar*. But since they are called on, when they go out into life, to speak neither in Greek prose nor Latin prose, to compose neither in Greek verse nor Latin verse, but to *speak in good English*, and not about gods and goddesses, but the prices of corn and beef, the evils of pauperism, and the load of taxes, they too often find themselves entirely at a loss, and inwardly lament the precious years, never to be recalled, which have been devoted to pursuits of no practical utility in life.

It is the more extraordinary that so little attention should be paid at our universities to composition, or the art of oratory, in the English tongue, that every day's experience proves that the power of public speaking is not only absolutely essential to the most moderate success in many professions, but is indispensable to the highest grades in all. In the houses of Lords and Commons, at the Bar, in the Church, it is of course necessary from the very outset, if the very least eminence is to be looked for. But not only in the professions of which oratory is the very foundation, but in every case of life where a certain degree of eminence has been attained, it becomes of equal importance, and the want of it will be equally felt. The landed proprietor will find it impossible to maintain his influence in his county, unless, on the hustings, and in political meetings, on the bench of justices, at county and railway meetings, he is prepared to take his part in debate, and can come off with a creditable appearance. The merchant or manufacturer, who has become a *millionaire* by a life of laborious industry, will find that he cannot keep his place in society unless he can deliver his sentiments with effect at civic dinners, meetings for business, in the magisterial chair, or at the festive board. Even the soldier and sailor, when they rise to eminence in their profession, are called on to speak in public, and grievously suffer if they cannot do so. Many a gallant spirit, which never quailed before an enemy, has been crushed, and his reputation injured, by inability to speak in a public assembly, or to answer appropriately a complimentary speech at a public dinner. Indeed, the influence of public speaking in the country is not only great, but daily increasing, and it confers influence and distinction often far beyond the real merits of the speaker, and, for its want, the most solid or brilliant parts in other respects can make no compensation. The great body of men invariably impute inability to speak well in public to want of ideas; whereas, in reality, it generally arises from want of practice, and often coexists with the greatest acquirements and the most brilliant genius. Strange that the art of English oratory, upon which the experience of all tells them success in the higher stations of life is entirely dependent, should, by common consent, be invariably neglected, and that the art of making Latin verses, which universal experience tells all is of no earthly use in life, except to one in a thousand, should, by common consent, be universally cultivated.

It is constantly said, that the object of the extraordinary attention paid in our schools and

colleges to composition in the dead languages, is to enable the students properly to appreciate the beauties of their authors, and that, without an exact knowledge of prosody and writing in them, this appreciation cannot be attained. This is doubtless in some degree true; but the point is, at what cost is this proficiency attained, and to what proportion of the students is it of any practical benefit? Is there one in ten to whom the beauty of poetry will ever be intelligible, one in a hundred who will ever be a poet? If we were to live to the age of Methusalem, it might be worth while to set apart ten years for classical composition, ten more for Italian, and ten for German; but since our life is limited to threescore and ten years, and a seventh of that only can be devoted to education, is it expedient to devote the *whole* of that time to that one object? If ten years are devoted to the mastering of Greek composition and Latin prosody, *what time is left* for learning to speak or write in English? What should we say if ten years were devoted by every English young man to the composition of German or Italian verses, because it would better enable him to appreciate the beauties of Schiller or Metastasio, of Körner or Petrarch? Yet is composition in these living languages more practically useful, both for the business of life and for improvement in our own tongue, than in the dead, because it is often of advantage in society, and their tongues are at bottom derived from the same roots, and are similar in construction to our own.

It is the more to be regretted that, in our Universities, translations from English into Greek or Latin should be made so great an object, instead of translations from Greek or Latin into English, because the latter study is perhaps the most beneficial, both to spread a taste for ancient beauties, and to diffuse the means of rivalling them in our own tongue, which the wit of man has ever devised. There is nothing which improves the style like translation from the masterpieces of foreign languages. It is far more beneficial than copying or committing to memory the most perfect specimens of composition in our own tongue, because it both brings us in contact with the most exquisite specimens of human genius, and exercises the mind in the endeavor to transfer them to our own idiom. It varies the thought, it extends the ideas, it suggests new methods of expression. It is the foreign travelling of the soul. It renders foreign or ancient languages tributary to our own; it fills the mind with remote ideas; it not only "elevates us in the scale of thinking beings," but increases our power of communicating our thoughts to the world. What boundless treasures have Milton and Collins, Taylor and Gray, imported into our language from the classical writers; how much was the nerve and form of their expression enhanced by their study of antiquity! Of what value are all their Latin compositions compared to those which, so enriched, they have left in their own tongue!

The next circumstance which has contributed to stamp its peculiar style, and hitherto unequalled perfection, on ancient oratory, is the circumstance that it was all, or nearly all, *WRITTEN* and committed to memory. This at least was *certainly* the case with all the orations which have come down to our times; for, if not written, how have they been preserved? There were no short-hand writers in those days. The art of stenography was unknown. No reporters from the *Times* were in attendance, to catch, with almost magical rapidity, every word which fell from the speaker's lips, and render it

with exact fidelity in its ample columns the following morning. What was written came, and could only come, from the author himself. It is well known that several of the most celebrated speeches of Cicero never were delivered at all: the frequent repetition of the same ideas, in the same identical words, in the orations of Demosthenes, affords conclusive evidence that they were not merely carefully prepared, but actually written out. Indeed, to any one who considers the style of the speeches, not only of these great masters, but of all the orators of antiquity, it must be sufficiently evident that nearly all that has come down to us had been written. Some part, without doubt, was caught from the inspiration of the moment: a happy retort was sometimes the result of an interruption, a felicitous reply of an antagonist's attack. But these were the exceptions, not the rule. These extempore bursts were interwoven with the framework of the piece, and committed to paper next day, when the author corrected his speech for permanent preservation. In the dexterous interweaving consisted no small part of the skill of the orator. But the greater part of every speech was, beyond all doubt, written and committed to memory. The style everywhere proves this. It is as impossible for any man, how bright soever his genius or copious his language, to speak extempore in the condensed and emphatic style of the ancient orators, as it would be to compose, as an Improvisatore, the verses of Pope or Campbell.

This circumstance sounds strange in these times, and especially to an Englishman, because it is well known that the grand requisite, the one thing needful to a modern orator, is to speak extempore. Power in reply is considered as the highest quality; and it is to it, *par excellence*, that the much coveted phrase "effective" is applied. We all know what would be the fate of a speaker in the House of Commons who should commit his speeches to memory, and take lessons from Macready or Kean in their delivery. Beyond all doubt, derision would take the place of admiration; the laughs would be much more frequent than the cheers. Yet this is precisely what Cicero and Demosthenes did; it was thus that Pericles ruled the Athenian Democracy, and Æschines all but overturned the giant strength of his immortal adversary. We are not to imagine that these men, whose works have stood the test of twenty centuries, were wrong in their system; it is not to be supposed that every subsequent nation of the earth has misdirected its admiration. It is more probable that some circumstances have occurred to turn oratory, in modern times, aside from its highest flights, and induced a style in public speaking which has now become habitual, and will alone be tolerated, but which is inconsistent with the most perfect style of oratory. Nor is it difficult, if we consider the composition of modern senates, and the objects for which they are assembled, to see what these circumstances are.

As freedom and popular institutions are indispensable to eloquence, it is in England and France, since the Revolution, that oratory of a high description can alone be looked for. But the Anglo-Saxons are essentially a *practical* race; and the stamp in this respect which nature has affixed to their character, appears, in every age, not less in their deeds than their accomplishments. Imagination has shone forth most brilliantly in many individuals of the race—but, generally speaking, we are not an imaginative people. The Fine Arts have never

struck their roots in the open air amongst us; they are the delicate plants of southern realms, which require the shelter and warmth of our conservatories. It is in the highly educated classes alone that a taste for them is general. The romantic, not the classical drama, alone has ever been popular with the mass of our people; the attractions and fashion of the opera are required to make even the beauties of Metastasio tolerable to the very highest ranks. In matters of business the same disposition is apparent. What is required, what commands success, is neither the flowers of oratory nor brilliancy of imagination nor elegance of diction, but argument to the point. It is thus that the suffrages of jurymen are to be obtained; it is thus that a majority in the House of Commons is to be secured. As the assemblies to whom modern oratory is addressed are much less numerous than those of antiquity—as they are representatives, not citizens; juries, not Areopagites—a different style of speaking has become established from that which was universally felt to be essential in the assemblies of antiquity. When the crowds of a theatre were no longer to be addressed, the theatrical style of oratory fell into disuse.

As argument to the point, accurate acquaintance with the subject, and the power of communicating something of value to the interests with which senates in modern times are intrusted, are the great requisites which are now looked for, set and prepared speeches have been abandoned. It was soon discovered that they would seldom meet the exigencies of a debate, and still less furnish the materials of a reply. They were felt to be of little value, because they did not meet what the audience wished. They were as much out of place as a set speech would be to a jury, after evidence had been led in a case. It will always be so in situations where real business is to be done, and the persons by whom it is to be done are not numerous assemblies, little acquainted with the subjects of discussion—and therefore liable to be swayed by the eloquence of the orator—but a limited number of persons, most of whom are somewhat acquainted with it, and desire to have their information extended, rather than their feelings touched. It has accordingly been often observed, that the style of speaking in the House of Commons has sensibly declined in beauty, though it has increased in knowledge of the subject, since the Reform Bill introduced the representatives of the commercial towns, and business men have found a place in such numbers in the House of Commons. It may be anticipated that, as their numbers and influence increase, the same change will become still more conspicuous.

But although these considerations sufficiently explain how it has happened that the style of speaking, in our national assemblies, has become more business-like and less ornate than in the republics of antiquity, and extempore speaking has grown into a universal practice with all public men who aspire to the honors of "effective" oratory—or such as would acquire a practical sway in the assemblies to which it is addressed—it by no means follows from this, that this system is not a deviation from the method by which alone a perfect style of eloquence is to be attained, or a step in descent in that noble art. Because a thing is useful and necessary, or even unavoidable, with a view to attain certain ends, it is not to be concluded, that it is by attending exclusively to it that the highest and most perfect style in it is to be

attained. The simple style of singing best suits private performers, and often appears in the highest degree charming, when flowing from the lips of taste and beauty; but no one would compare art, in these its early stages, to what it appears in the hands of Grisi or Mademoiselle Lind. The style of speaking adopted by our leaders at the Chancery bar, or on the North Circuit, is probably the best that could be devised to attain the object to which the gentlemen of the long robe aspire—that of influencing the judges or juries of those courts; but every one must see that that object is a much inferior one to that which was aimed at by Cicero, Demosthenes, or Bossuet. Their business is with oratory as an art; but, in addition to this, eloquence is a fine art. Great eminence in the latter department can never be attained but by sedulous preparation, and the committing to memory of written compositions; and unless this is done, the fame of no orator, how much soever he may be celebrated during his career, can possibly be durable, or exceed the lifetime of the contemporaries to whom his extempore effusions were addressed.

Nothing is more common than to hear it said, after a powerful speech in the House of Lords or Commons has been delivered, that it rivalled the most finished pieces of ancient eloquence; nay, it is sometimes added that it was "above all Greek, above all Roman fame." In no instance, however, has it been found that this reputation has been lasting, or even long survived the actual appearance of the orator before the houses of Parliament. The ample columns of Hansard's *Parliamentary Debates* are often searched to discover inconsistencies in the delivered opinions of public men; sometimes to bring to light facts on statistics which subsequent time has caused to be forgotten; but rarely, if ever, to cull out specimens of elevated thought, condensed argument, or felicitous expression. None of these speeches will take their place beside those of Cicero and Demosthenes, or the *Oraisons Funèbres* of Bossuet, all of which were written compositions. When the historian comes to record the arguments used on the opposite sides, on great public questions, he cannot refer to a more valuable and faithful record than the *Parliamentary Debates*; for they tell at once what was advanced in the legislature, and said in the nation, on every subject that came under discussion; but he cannot turn to one which it will be less safe to transfer unaltered to his pages. If he means to render the arguments interesting, or even intelligible, to the great body of readers, he must distil them into a twentieth part of their original bulk; he must dismiss all the repetitions and circumlocutions; he must say in words what he finds delivered in sentences; he must abridge a hundred pages into four or five; he must, in short, do *ex post facto*, and to convey an impression of the argument to future times, what the ancient orators did *ab ante*, and in order to secure the suffrages of the present. It is surprising, when this is carefully done, how effectually a lengthened argument can be condensed into a few pages; and how powerful the bone and muscle appears when delivered from the oppression of the superincumbent flesh.

It is not to be wondered at that it should be so. The reason for it is permanent, and will remain the same to the end of the world. In the heat and animation of a debate, a happy idea may occasionally be struck out, a felicitous retort may be suggested by an interruption. The parliamentary speeches contain many instances of such ready talent; and it need hardly be said that the effect of it, at the mo-

ment of delivery, is in general prodigious. But it is altogether impossible to keep up a speech extempore in that style. Preparation and previous study are the parents of brief and emphatic expression; without their meeting, the offspring need not be looked for. The reason is, that it is while one thought is in the course of delivery that the mind is arranging those which are to succeed it. The conception of a ready extempore speaker must always be two or three sentences ahead of his elocution. Thence the necessity for circumlocution and repetition. It is to *gain time* for thought—to mould future ideas. If it were not so, he would come to a dead stop, and break down at the end of the first sentence. The faculty of doing this—of speaking of one thing and thinking of another; of composing words in one sentence, and arranging ideas for another, without pause or hesitation—and doing this often in the midst of applause or interruption, is one of the most wonderful efforts of the human mind; and it is its extreme difficulty which renders elegant extempore speaking so very rare, and makes it, when it does appear, the object of such general admiration. But we are persuaded that the greatest master of extempore speaking will admit, that it is wholly impossible to keep up eloquent and condensed expression, for any length of time, without previous preparation. Whenever you hear an orator bringing out condensed and elegant expression for any length of time together, it may be concluded, with absolute certainty, that he is speaking from preparation.

Nor is such preparation inconsistent with occasional allusion to previous argument or retort against interruption; on the contrary, it is by such extempore effusions or sallies, interwoven in the text of a prepared oration, that the highest perfection in the art of oratory is to be attained. If it is wholly prepared, it will appear lifeless and methodical—it will wear the aspect of a spoken essay. If it is wholly extempore, it will be diffuse and cumbrous—crowded with repetitions, and destitute of emphasis. It is by the combination of general careful composition with occasional felicitous reply that the highest perfection in this noble art is to be attained; for the first will give it general power, the last the appearance of extempore conception. By no other method is it possible to combine the two grand requisites of the highest species of oratory—emphatic and condensed language—with those occasional allusions and sudden replies which add so much to its immediate effect, and give it all the air of being produced at the moment. It is true, this is a dangerous style to adopt, and many are the speakers who have broken down under it; for nothing is so apt to induce confusion in the mind, and forgetfulness of what should follow, as new introductions into a prepared composition. But where is there anything great or magnificent achieved in life without difficulty and danger? and the example of the ancient orators, by whom both were overcome, is sufficient to demonstrate that it is not beyond the reach of genius and perseverance.

Still less is it to be supposed that such a style of speaking is inconsistent with the most vehement and powerful action, and all the aids which oratory can derive from intonation, gesture, and animation in delivery. On the contrary, it is in delivering such speeches that these may be brought to bear with the happiest effect—as we daily see on the stage, where known speeches, every word of which is got by heart by the actor, and often is familiar to the audience, are every day repeated with the utmost possible

effect, and the most impassioned action. It is the want of such animation in delivery which is the great cause of the failure of many able speakers, and nowhere more than in the pulpit. The common opinion that discourses there must be delivered in a cold, inanimate manner, suitable to the gravity of the subject and the solemnity of the place, is an entire mistake, and has contributed, perhaps, more than any other cause, to the vast numbers whom the Dissenters have succeeded, both in England and Scotland, in enticing away from the Established Church. It is this animation which generally follows the delivery of thought extempore, compared with the cold, monotonous style in which written discourses are usually delivered, which is one great cause of the signal success which has attended the efforts of the Methodists and Low Churchmen in England, and the Free Church clergy in Scotland. The common opinion among the peasants of Scotland, that the inspiration of Heaven only descends upon extempore speakers, arises from the same cause. They think the extempore preacher is inspired because he is animated; they are sure he who reads his discourse is not so, because he is monotonous. But many examples prove that it is quite possible to combine the most finished and elaborate written composition with such intensity of feeling, and vehemence of action, as will give it the appearance of extempore and uncontrollable bursts of eloquence. The great effect of Dr. Chalmers' sermons in Scotland, and Mr. Irving's in England, were not required to show that it is by this combination that the highest triumphs in pulpit oratory are to be attained.

Contrast this with the tame and monotonous way in which too many learned and unexceptionable sermons were delivered in the days of Addison, and which, it is to be feared, has not become obsolete since his time:—

Our preachers stand stock-still in the pulpit, and will not so much as move a finger to set off the best sermons in the world. We meet with the same speaking statues at our bars, and in all our public places of debate. Our words flow from us in a smooth continued stream, without those strainings of the voice, motions of the body, and majesty of the head, which are so much celebrated in the orators of Greece and Rome. We can talk of life and death in cold blood, and keep our temper in a discourse which turns upon everything that is dear to us. Though our zeal breaks out in the finest tropes and figures, it is not able to stir a limb about us. It was just the reverse in antiquity. We are told that the great Latin orator very much impaired his health by this *laturum contentio*, this vehemence of action, with which he used to deliver himself. The Greek orator was likewise so very famous for this particular in rhetoric that one of his antagonists, whom he had banished from Athens, reading over the oration which had procured his banishment, and hearing his friends admire it, could not forbear asking them, if they were so much affected by the bare reading of it, how much more they would have been charmed had they heard him actually throwing out such a storm of eloquence. How cold and dead a figure, in comparison of these two great men, does our orator often make at the British bar or in the senate! A deaf man would think he was cheapening a beaver, when, perhaps, he is talking of the fate of the British nation. It is certain that proper gestures, and vehement exertions of the voice, cannot be too much studied by a public orator. They keep the audience awake, and fix their attention on what is delivered to them, at the same time that they show that the speaker is in earnest, and affected himself with what he so passionately

recommends to others. In England, we often see people lulled asleep with cold and elaborate discourses of piety, who would be transported out of themselves by the bellows of enthusiasm.*

It is no answer to our observations to say, that our greatest orators have been bred at the universities, and that the system cannot be very faulty which has produced Pitt and Fox, Chatham and Burke, Peel and Stanley. Supposing that all these orators had devoted themselves, at college, to classical verses, instead of compositions in their own tongue—which was by no means the case—still, that would by no means prove that the system of education in which they were bred was not eminently defective. They became great speakers, not from having been proficient in “longs and shorts” at Oxford, in the differential calculus at Cambridge, but in spite of these acquirements. They learned the art of speaking in the forum, as Wellington’s soldiers learned the art of war in the field, by practice, in presence of the enemy. Doubtless a great deal may be done, by able and energetic men, in this way; but does it follow from this that education is to go for nothing, and that the old system of sending out officers to begin a campaign and besiege towns without knowing a ravelin from a bastion, was advisable, or likely to insure success in the military art? If you have two or three thousand young men, comprising the élite of the nation, at certain seminaries, you *cannot* help finding your leading statesmen and orators there, whatever they learn at them. They would be found there, though they were taught at them nothing but riding, music, and dancing. The whole rulers of Persia were found at its schools, though they learned nothing at them but to ride, to shoot with the bow, and speak the truth. But it would be rather dangerous to hold that this proves that seminaries, where nothing else was taught, were the ones best suited to secure the first place in society for their scholars, or the blessings of good government to the state.

Nor let it be said that there is no room, as society is now constituted, for the triumphs of the higher species of eloquence; that it cannot be attempted at the bar, and would be hooted down in the House of Commons, where business men now form a large majority, and business speeches, not the flowers of rhetoric, will alone be listened to. There is much truth in these observations, although it will probably be found that, even in courts of justice and in the Reformed House of Commons, a study of the condensed and cogent style of ancient eloquence is not the worst passport to success, and is almost indispensable to the highest triumphs. But supposing the bar and the senate set aside, as places in which business will alone be tolerated, are these the *only* places in which oratory may be practised, in which opinion may be moulded, and influence by eloquence obtained? Are there no public meetings held amongst us for the purposes of political change, social improvement, religious extension, moral amelioration, charity, or festivity, in which large numbers of the people, and often of all ranks and both sexes, are brought together, in which there is ample room for the display of all the graces of oratory, and in which the most eloquent and impassioned speaker is sure to carry away the palm? Are not these meetings the “primary assemblies,” as it were, in which the ideas are elaborated, or the principles formed,

which afterwards make their way into the press and the legislature, and so determine the course of national policy, or the fate of national fortunes? Every day, with the increasing popularizing of our institutions, is adding to the influence of eloquence, and multiplying the situations in which its highest style may be poured forth with the greatest effect. Above all, is not the pulpit to be found in every parish, where every week an opportunity is afforded for the most earnest appeals to the consciences of men—where the highest temporal and eternal interests are constantly the subject of discussion—where the most earnest appeals to the feelings are not only allowed, but commendable—and where a mixed and willing audience is always to be met with, of both sexes, who receive, not only with patience, but with gratitude and admiration, the most powerful and moving strains of eloquence which can be addressed to them? Rely upon it, opportunities for oratory in its very highest style are not wanting. What is wanting is due attention early in life to that noble art, the lofty spirit which arises at great objects, and the energetic will, the resolute perseverance, which deem the labor of a lifetime a light price to pay for their attainment.

From the Spectator.

ROVINGS IN THE PACIFIC.*

THE author of these volumes left England in 1837 as an adventurer to seek his fortune. He says that “blighted hopes and ruined affections,” but the context would rather imply the impossibility of finding any opening in England, disgusted him with his country, and he determined to go abroad anyhow or anywhere. Making confidants of some staid commercial men who “used the house” where he was stopping in the borough, one of them got him a passage to Sydney in a convict ship, on the condition of his making himself useful. He had advantages in point of mess, and might have had in some other respects, but, preferring to grapple with difficulties at once, he worked his way to Sydney as a foremast-man. There he procured several situations; but not finding the colony sufficiently answering his pecuniary hopes, he started, in 1840, as a merchant adventurer. He made several voyages to New Zealand; he purchased a vessel wrecked on a reef in latitude 21° 41' south and about 174° 14' east longitude, with several thousand dollars buried in the sand, a half of which he fortunately recovered. He established a trade in biche de mer; he employed native divers in a diving speculation for mother-of-pearl shells, with the chance of pearls; though bitterly opposed to the French at Tahiti, and involved in frequent squabbles with them, he took contracts from the governor; and, in short, sailed whithersoever there was business to be done at a probable profit. The field of his operations extended from New Zealand to the Sandwich Islands and California, and from Valparaiso to the Philippine Islands and Canton: in the course of his voyages to and fro he touched more or less

* *Rovings in the Pacific*, from 1837 to 1840; with a Glance at California. By a merchant long resident at Tahiti. With four illustrations printed in colors. In two volumes. Published by Longman and Co.

* *Spectator*, No. 407; *Addison's Works*, ib. 327.

frequently at the principal groups of islands in the Pacific, and at many places only known by name to professed geographers; but Tahiti was his headquarters, and, after his marriage to the daughter of an Englishman, his established home, in spite of the French occupation.

The book is not without interest and novelty in many parts, but it scarcely equals the expectations which the opportunities of the author might fairly raise. Absolute information, indeed, was not to be looked for. Since the days of Cook, accomplished navigators, accompanied by men of philosophical and literary acquirements, have at intervals surveyed the islands of the Pacific, and published the results of their observations on the people and their country, as well as on the more strictly scientific topics it was their business to investigate. The missionaries have furnished information from another point of view, which, though affected by preconceived and somewhat limited notions, has imparted a good deal of ethnographical data and striking pictures of man in a *natural* state. Still there is ample room for the observer who mingles as one of themselves with the natives and the strange European characters who are to be found among them. Dignity on one side and fear on the other keeps deserters, runaway convicts, and similar persons, aloof from naval officers; while the missionaries ignore everything respecting such men and the unregenerate natives, except their evil doings. From want of imagination fully to enter into the scenes before him, this writer does not make the most of what he saw. His account of himself has the interest of a story till he arrives at New South Wales, and then it ceases, to revive only occasionally with some new scene or remarkable adventure. The author looks at matters too much in the trading point of view, without having the variety of knowledge or reach of mind which are necessary to give general interest to the commoner doings of mercantile adventure. A large source of the uninteresting nature of much of the book arises from its *past* character. There are descriptions of the state of New Zealand a dozen years ago, with speculations of the writer on various topics connected with its colonization; all which are done with. There are much longer stories connected with the French doings at Tahiti and elsewhere, as regards their general behavior, the sufferings of Pritchard, and the author's opposition to the Gauls and his frequent squabbles with them, ending, however, in nothing. These are exceedingly characteristic of French wantonness and bluster, and may be received as a truthful sketch; but they refer to matters that have been discussed, described, and dismissed, some years since.

The island of Rotumah was a sort of occasional station for our author. Near it was a remarkable object called the "split rock"; a small island *split* in two by some convulsion of nature, leaving a passage through it. A visit made to this place in company with a man named Emery, who had lived for some years on a neighboring island to which he had given his name, is one of the most interest-

ing passages in the book, for the picture of wonderful natural phenomena, as well as of the power that man can attain in feats of agility.

We steered for the south side of the island, that we might paddle through the "split." As we neared, the weather was so calm, that though no soundings could be obtained close to the island, and the side we were rounding rose perpendicularly from the water, the long glassy undulations of the ocean laved the rocky base without creating a ripple. We approached within an oar's length of this immense rock; its grandeur imposed feelings of awe, and I could scarcely reconcile to my mind that we were in a safe position; however, I left it to Emery, who was an experienced hand. On gaining the passage, I felt still less at my ease; it is only of sufficient width to admit of a canoe being paddled through, and is about two hundred feet in length. The two sides of the cleft correspond exactly, and at about one third from the summit of the opening a massive block is firmly wedged; and, from its appearance, I am confirmed in the opinion, that in the convulsion that caused this singular phenomenon, as the fearful chasm was about to close, the upper part of the island tottered from its centre and tumbled into the yawning gulf, where it got immovably jammed and prevented closer union, leaving this passage a memorial of the terrific convulsions that must have troubled these seas, and reminding man of the insignificance of all his works when compared with the grand and mighty operations of nature. The water in the passage appeared of immeasurable depth; and the long smooth, rolling swell that swept through it, seemed like the convolutions of some monster of the deep. We had only one native with us who had been to the island before; and he desired us to turn face about, that we might work the canoe through stern first, as the landing-place was on our larboard hand, and the out-rigger being on the larboard side of the canoe, we should get dashed to pieces unless we shifted. I was somewhat startled, and, being no swimmer, did not altogether relish the intelligence; but the imperturbable coolness with which old Emery set to work caused me to suppress any observation I felt tempted to make. On clearing the passage, prepared as I was for an awkward landing-place, I was not quite prepared for what I saw; the island is a wall of rock shooting upwards from four hundred to six hundred feet high, and curving like a horse-shoe, the south-eastern termination of the curve being split and riven into a thousand pinnacles and rocky needles. The passage we came through is exactly in the centre of the crescent; but instead of finding the sea placid in the "hollow," as it was outside, it was tumbling about, foaming and seething like a boiling cauldron, roaring and dashing up the rocks as if trying to overleap the opposing barrier, and in its retreat forming such eddies that I momentarily expected to be shivered like the rocks around us. The whole swell of the ocean sets into this "hollow," and even if there is no breeze, the contracting points of the curve confine the rolling billows, which in their recoil create this dancing turmoil.

Well was it for us that the natives from Wēa had paddled into the hollow before us, as they were accustomed to the island, and to land on its steep and slippery sides. The way they managed was admirable. They balanced their canoes so close to the precipitous rock, that the lashing surge broke just under their bows and went roaring a hundred feet above them. Wondering what they were going to

do, we noticed two of them plunge into the crest of a gigantic roller, and when it had spent itself and I expected to see their mangled remains swept back in its rushing retreat, the men were standing on the rocks high over head, smiling and nodding to us. One of them had a long rope coiled round his waist, and he threw the end of it down to us; Emery gave it to me, and told me, when the next swell hove us nearly on a level with the men, to leap with all my might towards them. My amazement at this cool request was too great for utterance, but somehow I did as I was desired. Watching the favorable moment, I gave a spring, and the natives who held the rope, seconding the impetus, jerked me alongside them like a fish out of water; Emery followed immediately after, aided in the same way. The man with us who had already visited the island threw himself overboard, and in a few minutes he also had secured a footing dripping like a water-sprite. The two left in the canoe lost their presence of mind, and would infallibly have been lost, had not the natives from Wéa reassured them and directed them how to act.

There is a little soil on the summit or wall-like ridge of the island yielding a growth of coarse grass and a peculiar variety of scrub. The natives have likewise succeeded in rearing a few cocoa-nut-trees. The ascent to a novice is rather perilous, and made me wink; you have to wind your way up laterally, and at one point you have to pass round the salient projection of a bald rock where the footing is shelving and not fourteen inches broad, the rock overhead bulging forward, while below you have a sheer fall between two hundred and three hundred feet in depth. I was for giving it up, when Emery took the lead, telling me it was the only dangerous spot; but then, he was barefooted, and for years had been habituated to go so; the tenderness of my feet would not allow me to dispense with shoes, and the slippery soles made my case more perilous; false shame prevented my retreating, but at the time I could not help considering that the object to be obtained was scarcely worth the risk. When I had sidled half way across this very awkward pass, my arms extended and fingers stretched out nervously clutching at any little unevenness of surface, and whilst I was hesitating where next to put my foot, groping in vain for some fissure into which I might thrust my fingers or for some root that I might grasp, I caught sight of the frightful descent, my head swam, and I was turning sick. At this moment of imminent risk, a native daringly swayed himself outside me, striking me smartly on the back as he passed; this recalled my senses, and I arrived in safety on firmer footing again. The rapidity with which this bold action was performed is surprising; for a moment the man's body must have been off the centre of gravity, and I believe the poor fellow endangered his life to inspire me with confidence, for had I slipped when he was passing me he would have been involved in certain destruction.

Much of the diving took place at the Bow Island of Cook, or in its vicinity. This is the account of the process.

On arriving at a reef or knoll, the boat was secured by its painter to a projecting branch, and the divers proceeded to dive from it in all directions; and as they brought up the shells so they threw them into the shallow water on the knoll, until the shells

became scarce, or they became tired and wanted to pull to another station. Shell-fish of various descriptions are attached to and wedged in the coral branches, apparently having grown with their growth. On a still calm day you may see to the bottom at ten or twelve fathoms, and the shell-fish when feeding reflect tints of the most brilliant and beautiful hue; and fish of every conceivable form and color may be seen sporting in the interstices of the coral branches.

It is a curious sight to watch the divers; with scarcely a movement they will dart to the bottom like an arrow, examine beneath every protruding rock, and, on continuing their investigations, by a simple movement of the arm will propel themselves horizontally through the water, and this at the depth of seven and eight fathoms. I timed several by the watch; and the longest period I knew any of them to keep beneath the water was a minute and a quarter, and there were only two who accomplished this feat. One of them from his great skill was nicknamed by his companions the "Ofai," (stone.) Rather less than a minute was the usual duration. In fine weather they can see the shells, when, if the water is deep, they dive at an angle for them; and as the shells adhere firmly to the coral by strong beards, it requires no little force to detach them. I was astonished on one occasion at witnessing a diver, after one or two ineffectual attempts to tear away a large oyster, sink his legs beneath him, and, getting a purchase with his feet against the coral, use both his hands and fairly drag it off. When they dive in very deep water, they complain of pains in the ears, and they sometimes come up with their noses bleeding; but it is rarely that you can get them to attempt such diving, as, let the shells be ever so abundant, they will come up and swear there are none; the exertion from the great pressure is too painfully distressing. It has frequently happened, after a set of worn-out divers have sworn that no more shells could be obtained, that a fresh set has come and procured from fifty to sixty tons without difficulty.

SHOWER OF AEROLITES.—Extract of a letter from Mr. Richardson, dated Jerbah, January 25th, 1850:—

"I will trouble you by the mention of the astro-nomic phenomenon which terrified or arrested the attention of the inhabitants of the whole of this coast some two months ago. This was the fall of a shower of aerolites, with a brilliant stream of light accompanying them, and which extended from Tunis to Tripoli, some of the stones falling in the latter city.

"The alarm was very great in Tunis, and several Jews and Moors instinctively fled to the British consulate, as the common refuge from every kind of evil and danger.

"The fall of these aerolites was followed by the severest or coldest winter which the inhabitants of Tunis and Tripoli have experienced for many years."

THE LIGHTS

Flickered within their sockets. From the tower Of the quaint church rang out the hour of twelve. And then the brattle of the sweet-tongued bells, Clanging and crashing, pealed into the night A joyous chime, to welcome Christmas in.

From the New York Recorder.

RECOLLECTIONS OF EDWARD IRVING.

BY FREDERIC SAUNDERS.

MUCH has been already written respecting the extraordinary personage whose name is prefixed to the present article; and yet, in the opinion of the writer, but meagre and scanty have been the elements adduced towards forming a true estimate of his character. It is with the desire to contribute somewhat to this end, that the following "random recollections" are submitted, although under the full consciousness that of themselves they afford but very imperfect glimpses of their original.

Our first acquaintance with the Rev. Edward Irving commenced some months after his arrival in the British metropolis, from Scotland, pursuant to an invitation from a small band, meeting for divine worship at an old-fashioned chapel in Hatton Garden, Holborn. Mr. Irving had already begun to attract public attention from the fact of his having been the chosen associate of Dr. Chalmers, in his ministerial labors—a distinction which won for him no inconsiderable renown. His accession to the pastorate of the little obscure church, situated in an equally obscure neighborhood, formed an important crisis, however, in his eventful career.

His wonderful eloquence, no less than his remarkable appearance, in a short time drew around him crowded and astonished listeners, till at length so generally was the public curiosity awakened, that the adjacent streets became blockaded with the equipages of the wealthy, including many even who were seldom accustomed to visit that plebeian part of the town, much less such a humble "conventicle." It was then Irving presented his most striking and imposing air of originality, both as to his *physique* and his *gigantic* powers. Erect and stately in his bearing, his tall figure and most expressive features shrouded by masses of long jet-black hair, parted on the forehead and flowing down his back, he looked like one of the olden time—reminding us of those magnates of apostolic mould and mien, whose names shine so lustreously over the mediæval history of the Church. The flashing glance of his piercing dark eye, in its "fine frenzy rolling," at once proclaimed him to be of no ordinary standard; and when the energy of his soul was once kindled up, such was the witchery of his fervid and impassioned appeals, that multitudes were held spell-bound by his utterances, with an inexpressible fascination. His discourses partook more of the epic than the sermon; modelled closely from the great masters in theology, his possessed not only their quaint beauty of diction, but also their rich poetic imagery and illustration, as well as their masterly logic. His terrible denunciations against the vices incident to the higher ranks of society were hurled with fearless intrepidity, and often were these rebukes thundered in their very ears. In this respect he seemed to resemble the invincible John Knox. Yet did the aristocracy crowd his chapel to such a degree as almost to exclude everybody else; Brougham, Canning, the Duke of York, Hazlitt, Keats, Wordsworth, and hosts of other celebrities were among his attendants. So difficult, indeed, had it become for the common people to gain admittance, that tickets were required to be secured three or four weeks in advance for the purpose; and even these it was sometimes no easy task to obtain. Some idea may be formed of the intense eagerness to listen to the

harangues of this modern Demosthenes from the fact, in the recollection of the writer, that on more than one occasion hundreds of persons were contented to stand under a pelting rain for upwards of an hour, waiting for the doors of the chapel to be opened. It was at this time he delivered his "Orations for the Oracles of God" and "the Judgment to Come," which, although not the least amenable to criticism of his various productions, certainly contain passages of wondrous beauty and power, as well as the most marked idiosyncrasies of style. In a word, it was when at this acme of his fame that he seemed invested with the insignia and attribute of his rare genius; and it will not be matter of surprise to find him, at this dizzy height, becoming the victim of his own ardent and enthusiastic temperament, under the intoxicating influence of this excessive popular applause. His love of primitive forms of expression and thought gradually led him to the belief that the supernatural gifts of the Apostolic Church were still in her power, and that they had disappeared solely in consequence of her modern degeneracy and skepticism. No sooner, therefore, had Irving removed with his flock to the new Gothic edifice in Regent's Square, than those strange and startling exhibitions of the pretended supernatural "gift of tongues" were introduced. These extraordinary performances occurred first, however, at private meetings in the houses of some of the members of the church; afterwards, during the early morning meetings, which took place in the church at six o'clock A. M.; and subsequently during the regular services of the Sabbath. These "utterances" were given in unnatural, hysterical, almost sepulchral tones, and sometimes in the midst of the public prayer or the sermon. The "gifted" were principally females, and their sounds more resembled Hebrew in their terminations, than anything else; and although there were others who pretended to the gift "of interpretation of tongues," yet these were outnumbered by the former. These anomalous exhibitions of supposed supernatural power, which were painfully exciting to minds not under the like hallucination, were heightened in their effect by the awful solemnity of the place, and the apparent severe devotion of Irving and his adherents. At the time referred to, these early meetings took place in the middle aisle of the church, whose lofty arches, groined roof, and long, narrow windows were half obscured by the twilight; and under such circumstances the sudden bursts of these unearthly sounds broke upon the ear with startling—almost appalling effect.

This first sad error on the part of Irving soon led him on to others, until at length he became like a great theological Ishmaelite—fiercely opposing every other sect, and causing each one to be opposed to himself. On one occasion, when thundering out his anathemas, in most Stentorian tones, against the prevailing vices of the day as characteristics of "the last times," he was interrupted by some person among the audience. When preaching in defence of his newly espoused dogma of the peccability of our Lord's human substance, and while referring to those who differed from his creed—the immense edifice reverberating with the terrible denunciations, "they that teach this doctrine teach a lie, and they that believe this doctrine believe a lie, and they shall both perish in the lie they have believed and taught"—a tremulous voice from the midst of the crowded and excited audience stammered out, "I deny it, I deny it." Irving's

piercing eye at once fell on the modest offender, and as the assembled masses were rising in confusion, he proudly reared himself up in his magnificently carved pulpit and roared out with the voice of thunder, "Be not disturbed, dear brethren, with the impudence of one daring man"—and presently added, "I charge the deacons to take note of that man, and see that he do not depart, but that he be brought before me in the session house at the close of the service." This victim to truth was escorted by two of the above named functionaries to the place of trial, and after the service was concluded he was sorely rebuked, confessed his indecorum, and was dismissed.

This reminds us of another instance where his combativeness was also conspicuously exhibited. It occurred at one of the anniversary celebrations of the British and Foreign Bible Society, held at Freemasons' Hall, Great Queen street. Several noblemen, among the patrons of the institution, were present on the occasion, and among them we noticed the exemplary Wilberforce. Many animated addresses had been delivered touching the question of printing the Bible without the Apocrypha, and when the debate was at its height, Irving arose and commenced his speech, which was a stream of astonishing eloquence, till at length, beginning to fulminate against his brethren for their combined opposition to his tenets, he was vociferously hissed. The harmony of the meeting was at an end, and, in the midst of the direst confusion, he roared out, as few if any beside him could have done, "Do you know in what spirit I am come here to speak, that you dare to put me down?" His dauntless courage gained for him a fresh silence, and with moderated feelings he was suffered to conclude his remarks.

At a missionary meeting, he also rendered himself conspicuous, on concluding a noble address in behalf of the enterprise, by holding out to the chairman his watch, saying, "Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I unto thee." This act has been regarded variously—some supposing it an expression of his simplicity of character, others of ostentation. Speaking of missionary meetings—it may not be known generally that on a certain occasion when he was appointed to deliver the annual sermon before the collective body of dissenting clergy at Surry Chapel, in London, he held the immense audience perfectly entranced for the space of three hours and a half. We shall never forget the thrilling interest of that protracted meeting. We might multiply these incidents as indicative of his peculiarities of character, but the foregoing may suffice. One of the noblest exhibitions of his fearlessness of the face of man was evinced during his "trial" for heresy, by the assembled Presbytery in London. His defence was "after the manner" of Paul before Felix. After these sad vicissitudes, we follow, in recollection, the career of this "man of his century," as the *London Athenæum* once styled him, to his out-of-door pastoral meetings, in sunshine and in storm, when the multitude of umbrellas looked at a distance like a huge field of mushrooms; for by the presbytery he was expelled from the splendid cathedral-like structure that himself had reared, and compelled to gather his scattered flock in an open field, under the shadow of a prison wall. We have heard him discourse, too, under these inauspicious circumstances, with a power and beauty few surpass even in these days of boasted "progress."

Among the incidents that *must* live in the memory of the writer, was that of the funeral of a dear friend and school-fellow at Bunhill Fields' cemetery—where lie "honest John Bunyan," and Dr. Watts. Irving spoke over the grave, and such tones of pathos and cheering words of charity and celestial wisdom were surely seldom elsewhere heard from mortal lips. On one occasion, in company with a friend, we visited Mr. Irving at his own house, by appointment: this was previous to his espousal of his peculiar views touching the "gift of tongues." He received us with great cordiality, and entered freely into conversation on doctrinal topics; and among others the subject of infant sprinkling was introduced. In common with his denomination, he advocated the opinion that the rite was substituted in the place of the Jewish ordinance of circumcision, and that it was equally obligatory with it, and conferred similar immunities. He mentioned that the Anabaptists were never heard of before the Reformation, and, therefore, not of apostolic authority. On this, as on other points of religious belief, he was dogmatic and somewhat intolerant. His personal deportment, however, was affable and urbane to a marked degree; and there was evident in his manner a simplicity and singular transparency of character. He was no less charitable and generous to the poor, to such an extent, indeed, that his wife would occasionally empty his pockets of his money before he went out, since he was frequently known to give to the destitute, who applied to him for aid, all that he possessed at the time. Although courted and flattered by the opulent and influential, he was ever accessible to the humbler portions of his flock, by whom he was beloved no less dearly, and revered. When at the zenith of his fame, he surrendered opportunities of forming a wealthy matrimonial alliance, in favor of one to whom in early life, and when almost unknown, he had plighted his affections; and the lady in question subsequently became his wife. As a proof of the early bias of his mind, and his love of nature, it may be mentioned that at the age of twelve years he sought to be her worshipper, by the hill-side and the romantic glens of his own classic soil, rather than to pore over the pages of the collective wisdom of the past. He was accustomed to wander forth over the wild heather, with the Bible under one arm, and a loaf of bread under the other, and thus would he seek, at their very source, to draw deep wisdom and inspiration alike from the great statute books of heaven and earth. It is related of him, that thus early in life, he also was engaged to *teach* mathematics in his native town. Milton and Shakspeare were the poets of his choice, with whose glowing and masterly measures, we remember, his own discourses were often enriched. Irving was himself essentially a poet of Miltonic mould, as his beautiful sonnets sufficiently evince. They partook of the same colossal grandeur of imagery, and stateliness of melody and expression. But his crowning attribute of excellence was, doubtless, that of his almost divine gift of prayer. An enthusiastic biographer,* referring to this striking peculiarity, thus expresses himself on the subject: "Some few of his contemporaries might possibly equal him in preaching, but none approached to the very hem of his garment, while wrapped up in the heaven of devotion. It struck you as the prayer of a great being, conversing with the invisible Deity. The solemnity of the tones convinced you that he was conscious of an

* Gilfillan.

unearthly presence, and speaking to it, not to you. The diction and imagery showed that his faculties were wrought up to their highest pitch, and tasked to their noblest endeavor, in that "celestial colloquy sublime." A profusion of Scripture was used; and never did inspired language better become human lips than those of Irving. His public prayers told, to those who could interpret their language, of many a secret conference with heaven; they pointed to wrestlings all unseen, and groanings all unheard; they drew aside, involuntarily, the veil of his retirement, and let in a light into the sanctuary of the closet itself. Prayers more elegant, and beautiful, and melting, may have often been heard; but more majestic, and organ-like, and Miltonic, never. The fastidious Canning, when told by Sir James Mackintosh of Irving's praying for a family of orphans, as "cast upon the fatherhood of God," was compelled to start and confess the beauty of the expression.

We shall never forget his masterly discourses on the "Second Advent," and those fervid utterances in prayer to which it was often our privilege to listen with the most rapt interest and admiration.

But poor Irving at length became the victim of his overwrought mind, coupled with the reverses which attended the closing part of his wonderful but brief career.

His soul was like a star, and stood apart;

but his radiant genius blazed too brightly to shed a steady and abiding light, and it sank into speedy eclipse. His powers had long been tasked to their utmost, and the fatal consequences soon became but too apparent. A few weeks prior to his premature decease, he was induced to go to Kirkaldy, the birth-place of Mrs. Irving, where, after lingering under the influence of wasting consumption, he breathed his last while in the very act of singing the 23d Psalm in Hebrew! It was said that he recanted his opinions respecting the human nature of Christ, before he expired; and that he yielded his spirit in the sweet serenity of that glorious faith and hope which he had, with so much earnestness and eloquence, urged upon the consciences of the thousands who attended upon his devout ministrations. But for his venial eccentricities and errors of doctrine, Irving would have left behind him the legacy of a name rich in all that ennobles the Christian pastor, or that confers blessedness upon the Church on earth; and as we believe those errors to have been solely of the judgment, we venerate his memory in our "heart of hearts," and shall ever cherish, with the liveliest emotions of gratitude, deep sense of the high intellectual and moral worth which shone so resplendently in him, as a Christian, a minister, and a man.

From the Morning Chronicle.

CONVICT TRANSPORTATION TO BE GIVEN UP.

QUESTIONS of much national importance are often of little popular interest. They may endanger the very vitality of an empire, but if they arouse no strong and general sympathy, or if they cannot be readily embodied in a good "cry," they are disregarded, until, by neglect, they become the overwhelming disasters of the age. History gives us more than one example of this. The first mild representation unheeded—the louder remonstrance sneered down—the hostile attitude conciliated by a cowardly compromise, only to be resumed with the additional confidence arising from a past success—and, finally, the fierce clash and utter ruin, where

timely attention might have saved a nation or rescued a throne—these are the lessons of history, and these are the features of the picture which the prophet may trace out in the "mirror that hangs behind him." Of such as these is the question of Convict Transportation, more especially as regards the Australian colonies.

We are aware that this question, fully treated, comprises more than the mere local interests which it more immediately affects. To examine it in all its bearings would be to examine the necessity of transportation generally, and, should this mode of punishment be found unnecessary, then the construction and alteration of the whole criminal code. But this is beside the subject of our present inquiry, which is simply to ascertain the fact whether transportation to certain settlements is advisable for their good, and whether the people of those settlements really desire its continuance. Sir William Denison, on the part of Van Diemen's Land, for instance, says "Yes;" but the press, the magistrates, public meetings, and London agents, all say, on the other hand, "No." The truth must lie on one side or the other.

In 1846, influenced by colonial remonstrances and representations, the government decided on discontinuing the practice of sending convicts to Van Diemen's Land, and with that view they founded a new convict settlement in North Australia. Particulars respecting this settlement may be seen in the Parliamentary Blue Book of 1847. This decision of the government was explicitly sanctioned by the crown. When the late ministry came into office, they also announced, through their own governor, Sir William Denison, their intention of relieving the colony from the burden of convictism, though they abandoned the new settlement referred to—Lord Grey distinctly pledging himself, in writing, as follows:—"It is the intention of her majesty's government to stop altogether the transportation to Van Diemen's Land—of male convicts at all events—for the space of two years." This was written on the 30th of September, 1846. In February, 1847, Sir William Denison reiterated this pledge to the people of Launceston; and on the 10th of the same month he wrote his despatch, "representing that the colonists would be ruined without an annual accession of 4,000 convicts"—in consequence of which despatch the home government revoked its promise, and again poured into Tasmania an immense tide of criminals. We will not go into the pretenses, vague and indefinite as they were, which were alleged in excuse for this breach of faith—we shall merely point out the evils which convictism is entailing on those colonies where it is admitted, and the still worse evils which must ensue if some attention is not paid to the remonstrances and complaints of those important sections of our empire.

In Van Diemen's Land—for it is of that country that we would more particularly speak—all the horrors of convictism are in full force. In one year 2,079 free people left Hobart Town and Launceston; and it is probably not an exaggerated estimate that, on the whole, upwards of 20,000 free settlers have left Van Diemen's Land on account of the criminal population with which it has been flooded. For not only is it affirmed, and received without contradiction, in public meetings and newspaper articles, but it is proved by such Criminal Returns as have been printed, that an enormous proportion of the crimes committed in the colony are by convicts, or by those who were originally convicts.

Sir William Denison, in his despatch, No. 8, (1849,) states the proportion of those committed for offences to be sixteen per cent. of the free population, and 70 per cent. of the convict; and in the public meeting held at Launceston, on the 9th of August, 1850, it was said that "nine tenths of the crimes committed here are perpetrated by old convicts, who have either served their time or made their escape from the penal settlements." Sir William Denison, in his despatch dated November 15, 1848, makes the following startling statement, which we compress for brevity's sake:—that the police and gaol establishment of Van Diemen's Land amounted, in 1846, to a yearly charge of 36,000*l.*; and that, in the last year, a further increase in their expenditure had been made to the amount of 4,451*l.* 16*s.* 8*d.* To us, who throw away thousands on a new-fangled ventilator, or an improved gas-burner, this may seem a trifling sum; but in such towns as Launceston and Hobart Town it is enormous—marking also, as it does, such a fatal influx of criminals among a population already overburdened and almost swamped by them. One item in the governor's charges we would notice without comment—namely, the sum of 450*l.* for the capture of four escaped convicts charged with murders.

The new scheme propounded by the late colonial minister, of making the convict pay to government a certain sum, 15*l.*, (the assumed cost of his passage money,) for a conditional pardon, has likewise met with the strongest reprobation from the colonists. In public meetings—in protests from Sydney and other places—in Sir William Denison's own cautious recommendations of "further probation"—it is plainly said or furtively hinted that the tickets of leave, at present the fashion in convict colonies, are but a modification of the old system of assignment—a system that was more than sufficiently condemned by the frightful exposures elicited by Sir William Molesworth's committee of 1838. By introducing into private families, as servants, men tainted with every crime, a stream of iniquity ever fresh was poured through the country; youth corrupted and womanhood vitiated were the practical results of a convict serfdom, and respectable emigrants and virtuous settlers had to witness the total profanation of their homes by this fearful contact of impurity and vice. The curious in such matters need but read the blue-book of 1838 to understand more fully the extent to which this demoralization of the country was carried. Under a different name, and with merely formal alterations, the same state of things continues to the present day; and it needs little reflection to understand what must be the condition of morals when a convict population numbering nearly 39,000—the males being as seven to one of the females, and three fourths of the adult population—is distributed among, or within reach of, free settlements, wherein are upwards of 12,000 children! The existence of these convicts in such overpowering numbers is the very ruin of the colony—driving away its free population, repelling the intelligent settler, tainting the life-blood of the country with vice and wickedness, and forming the principal excuse for the refusal of free institutions and of a full local self-government.

Van Diemen's Land, though a young colony, is an important country, evidently destined to play a prominent part in the future history of the world. Its climate is one of the best of all our dependencies; its fertility ranks beyond that of Australia; its area is somewhat larger than that of Scotland; and its position renders it of much consequence in

the commercial world. Under all these circumstances, it would be wise on the part of the home government to receive with something like courtesy the numerous petitions and remonstrances addressed to it by the Tasmanians. The colonists are thoroughly loyal, enthusiastically attached to the mother country, and of a high class of intelligence and morality. They are amply entitled to something very different from an impatient negative, or a false denunciation of "factious opposition." Animated by the example of the Cape colonists, and cheered on by the wealthier communities of Sydney and other Australian towns, the inhabitants of Van Diemen's Land have at last made a bold stand—uttering their sentiments in unequivocal language, and urging the government to recall Sir William Denison, whom they hold to be a tool in the hands of the colonial-office. When men are exasperated by injury they are not over-nice in their language; and Sir William Denison must expect a little hard treatment in return for his unvarying representations of the prosperity and advantage derived to the colony from the admission of convicts—representations which go in the very teeth of all the declarations of the inhabitants. It cannot be denied that the Tasmanians had a distinct pledge from the crown, which pledge it has been deemed desirable to break; nor can it be doubted that an incalculable amount of mischief is inflicted on the colony by the overwhelming influx of convicts who are forced on an unwilling people, and who thus bring with them the sense of tyranny as well as the contaminating presence of vice. And it is not less certain that the discontent of our colonies generally, at being made the huge prisons of the mother country, will eventually shape itself into a more disagreeable form than newspaper paragraphs or crowded meetings. All lovers of justice and of morality must take part, in some measure, with the Tasmanians. Convictism is, no doubt, a most difficult question for any government—there is none more perplexing than "What shall we do with our criminals?" But difficulties can only be overcome when they are fairly and frankly met—they cannot be got over by ignoring their importance, or by feeble attempts at compromise. The best way is always the most direct—the most successful diplomacy is always the most honest and courageous. We would, therefore, urge on our statesmen that provident wisdom which sees the importance of coming dilemmas, and which solves them before it is too late. At the same time we would impress on the Tasmanians, and on other colonists engaged in a like struggle, the necessity of temperance, firmness, moderation, and justice, both in the substance and in the manner of their demands; reminding them that any violence on their part will only array against them a large portion of the influential classes in England, and that steadiness and calmness are the best allies of a good and righteous cause.

ON A CLOUD OF DUST WHICH OBSCURED THE SUN FOR TWO DAYS, in Russia, on the 29th and 30th April, 1840, during a clear sky and quiet weather.—This powder was furnished Ehrenberg by M. Eichwald. Microscopic examination brought to light forty-nine animal forms, soft portions of plants, a few crystals, a morpholite, and some sand. This powder is distinguished from that of the trade winds by some prominent forms. Ehrenberg believes that there is reason for concluding that this meteoric powder is neither a terrestrial powder nor simple volcanic cinders.

For the Living Age.

THE SURPRISE AND CAPTURE OF GENERAL VALENCIA.

FROM "THE JOURNAL OF A VOLUNTEER OFFICER."

THE surprise and capture of General Valencia, the second officer in rank in the Mexican army, has been almost entirely lost sight of, among the many brilliant feats of arms which marked the late war with Mexico. To say the least, there was considerable daring in the enterprise; and the gallant officer who planned and carried it out, together with the men who formed his little command, are entitled to some praise. Here, less than fifty men rode thirty-five miles into the enemy's country—captured a general officer from his own guard, four times their number, and carried him in triumph to head quarters, without sustaining any loss.

For some time previous to the coming in of the new year, the celebrated Guerilla chief, Padre Jarouta, and General Rhea, had been infesting the neighborhood of the city of Mexico, and the day before had been seen at a village a few miles out of town, with a force of near five hundred men. Colonel Wynkoop, of the 1st Pennsylvania volunteers, who had gained a high reputation as a partisan officer, had them closely watched by a trusty spy, and determined to attack them. For this purpose he asked and obtained permission from the commander-in-chief, to head an expedition to go in pursuit of them, and had everything in readiness to leave the city on the evening of the 1st of January, 1848, and, under cover of the darkness, to surprise them while they were asleep. The force he selected was one company of Hays' Texan rangers, thirty-seven strong, and five officers accompanied him as volunteers for the occasion, making the number all told forty-four, officers and men. I had ridden into the city from San Angel, where my regiment was quartered, in the morning, and, meeting Colonel Wynkoop in the street, was invited to accompany him in the expedition, which invitation I accepted, and prepared myself accordingly. The hour appointed for meeting was seven o'clock in the evening; and, on going to the place of rendezvous at that time, I found the whole party assembled, and waiting the arrival of the colonel. The whole were mounted and well armed—officers and men wearing watch-coats, and twenty-four hours' rations in the haversacks. Each one had his blanket strapped to the hind part of his saddle, and, in every point fully equipped for a night march. In addition to being armed with a sabre and rifle, each ranger carried one of Colt's six-shooters, and most of them had knives in their belts.

The clock on the Cathedral had just sounded the hour of eight, and the patrols were beginning to take their rounds, when we left the rendezvous; and, passing out of the city at the garita of Gaudalupe, struck upon the causeway which leads to the town of the same name. We urged our horses into a brisk trot, and in half an hour reached Gaudalupe, where, to shorten our route, we turned off from the main road, and followed the course of one of the aqueducts which supplies the city with water, and which runs through the low, swampy land, bordering on Lake Tezcoco. Our guide, never having travelled across these swamps before, became bewildered in the darkness, and, following his directions, we soon found ourselves floundering about in the mud and water of the marshes. Being uncertain which course to take, it was some time before

we could extricate ourselves, and were able to reach the high road leading towards Queretero, which here runs in a north-west direction. Being once more on firm ground, we urged our horses forward to reach Tlalnepantla, where we expected to find the enemy, and hoped to surprise them before they could hear of our approach. The night was dark, there being no moon, and the stars were partly obscured by heavy clouds, which chased each other across the heavens; the air was cold and chilly, being loaded with vapor from Lake Tezcoco, and we shivered, even with our heavy watch-coats buttoned tight around us. The colonel rode a few yards in advance of his command, which followed by twos, and upon every one the strictest silence was enjoined—no sounds were heard but the tread of the horses' feet on the hard road, an occasional jingle of a sabre, or a low whispered command from an officer. The night was too dark to allow us to see distinctly the nature of the country we were passing through, but, as far as we could discover, it appeared like a narrow valley, which widened as we advanced, and bounded on either side by mountains. We followed the course of the aqueduct for at least ten miles, until we had reached the fountain-head from which it received the supply of water. We saw now and then a low thatched hut on the side of the road, but no inhabitants.

A ride of three hours brought us within a mile of the village of Tlalnepantla, where a halt was made for a few moments, to rest the horses and give instructions to the men. Having made the necessary arrangements, we again set out, and rode leisurely along until we arrived within a short distance of the village, when a charge was ordered, and, with sabres drawn and pistols loosened in the holsters, we rode into it at the top of our speed. We expected every moment to be challenged by the picket guard, and fired upon, but there were no signs of an alarm—the whole town appeared buried in sleep. The road branched off in two directions at the entrance of the village, and, some going each way, we met on the public square, and drew up in front of a large establishment which looked like a posada or inn. Patrols were immediately sent into different parts of the town, with instructions to watch the streets, and suffer no one either to come in or go out, while the main body remained in the Plaza. As yet, our approach had not been discovered—everything was quiet—nobody stirring, and, what was somewhat remarkable, but few dogs barked at us as we rode in. The very stillness which prevailed gave us the impression that the enemy were not there. Our guide was acquainted with a trader, who was quickly roused up, and informed of the nature of our visit, and also given to understand it would be much better for him to tell us the whole truth in answer to such questions as might be asked him. He seemed a good deal alarmed, vowed much friendship for the Americans, and signified his willingness to give us all the information he possessed. He told us that Jarouta and Rhea, with their command, had left the afternoon before, and gone over to the valley of Toluca, some forty miles to the west, but probably had stopped for the night at a large hacienda on the road side, about ten miles beyond. The information was by no means welcome, and frustrated all our plans, and we feared we should be obliged to return to the army without having accomplished anything. The Mexican was now closely questioned, as to whether he knew of any other party of the enemy in that region of country, whom we might surprise. He seemed reluctant to

give any further information, but after applying a few threats, and using other means much more potent in his opinion, he told Colonel Wynkoop, that General Valencia was then living at his country house twenty miles from Tlalnepantla, and had a guard of only one hundred and fifty lancers with him. This news more than compensated for the disappointment in not finding those we were after, and Col. W. at once determined to make a further search for Jarouta and Rhea, and, if unsuccessful, to surprise General Valencia, and make him prisoner. We remained a short time at this village, getting information as to the nature of the country, and the route we should take, and partaking of refreshments which the friendly Mexican provided for us, and then mounted again.

It was about one o'clock on Sunday morning, January 2nd, when we rode out of Tlalnepantla, and proceeded on our expedition. We continued on the Queretero road, which here is very level and hard, and planted on each side with a hedge. In less than two hours, we reached the hacienda, which we quickly surrounded, and woke up the inmates, but, much to our regret, found that those for whom we were seeking were not there. Thus far we had been unsuccessful, but now determined to proceed with great caution, and capture Valencia, if it was possible to do so. As soon as the Mexican who was living in this establishment made his appearance, we ordered him to furnish a guide, which he refused to do, until we had shown him a brace of pistols, and gently hinted at the consequences, if he did not comply. This seemed to bring him to his senses, and to make him aware that he was in the hands of those who had the power to enforce a compliance, if necessary. Seeing no way to avoid it, he consented to send one of his peons with us, whom he woke up, and ordered to saddle his horse, and get ready. From the manner of this man, we were sure we had a treacherous one to deal with, and who would betray us, if he had an opportunity; and we, therefore, kept a close watch on him. The peon was so slow getting ready to accompany us, that Colonel W. became very impatient; but the master made many excuses, such as, that he could not find his saddle and equipments, that the horse was difficult to manage, &c. He was evidently detaining us for some particular purpose; we believed he had secretly sent some one to warn Valencia of our approach, and, by delaying us there, give him time to escape; and afterwards all our suspicions proved true.

After waiting some time, the peon made his appearance, equipped and mounted, when we again started. The guide was placed between two officers with pistols in hand, who were ordered to shoot him if he made any effort to escape. As it was now verging towards morning, we increased our speed to reach our destination before daylight. We continued on the main road four or five miles, when we turned off towards the left, and followed our guide across the open country. Soon after we left the main road, the bells of the neighboring churches and convents began to ring, evidently to alarm the country, and notify General Valencia of the danger. It was now after three o'clock, and we had several miles to ride over an exceedingly rough country, and in many places dangerous. The whole surface, as far as we could see in the dark, appeared to be a bed of rocks, in which paths had been worn by the animals, which from time to time journeyed over it, and in these narrow tracks we had to ride. In the distance, in the south-west, the

direction towards which we were going, we could faintly discern mountains when the stars came out from under the clouds. Sometimes we wound along the edge of deep ravines, and then, again, up the sides of hills so steep that our horses could hardly climb them, and we found so many difficulties in our way that it was almost impossible to go faster than a walk. Pushing on as rapidly as we could, we arrived in sight of the hacienda before four o'clock, when we slackened our speed and approached more cautiously. The house is situated on the summit of a hill, and overlooks the rocky country around for some miles. Being entirely ignorant of the nature of its defences, and the manner in which his guard were posted, it was not deemed safe to advance until we had reconnoitred. For that purpose a trusty ranger was sent forward on foot, with rifle in hand, with directions to approach as near the house as he should deem safe, and obtain all the information about its locality and defence that would be of importance to us. Minutes seemed lengthened into hours while he was gone, during which time we sat on our horses, in a ravine which completely hid us from view from the house. Our spy soon returned, and reported that a deep ditch ran in front of the hacienda, which was crossed by a narrow bridge, but that he could not discover any sentinels on duty. We now rode forward with great caution, until we came to the ditch mentioned by the spy, where another halt was ordered, and arrangements made for the attack. The force was now divided into two parties—one half, under Captain Bennet of the 1st Pennsylvania Volunteers, was ordered to go round by the left, and the other, under Lieutenant Davis of the Massachusetts Volunteers, were to go round by the right. These two officers were completely to encircle the house with their commands, so that no one could enter or leave without being seen, and then to report to Colonel Wynkoop, in front of the main entrance. Everything being in readiness, the command was given to charge, when we dashed up the hill and over the bridge at full gallop, and surrounded the house. One unlucky fellow, in the charge, missed the bridge; both horse and rider went over into the ditch, and were placed *hors-du-combat*. They had been taken by surprise; not a soul was stirring, nor even a faithful dog on the watch, to give warning to his master of the danger that was lurking near.

When the men had been judiciously posted, and every avenue to the building strictly guarded, the officers, who were assembled in front, approached the main entrance and knocked at the door for admittance. Under a long porch or shed, which extended the whole length of the building, the arrieros or mule drivers were lying fast asleep, which satisfied us that the family were at home, and thus far we were undiscovered. In a few minutes some one came to the door, with a light in his hand, and demanded who we were, and what we wanted. Colonel Wynkoop replied, that we were Americans, and in search of General Valencia, at the same time ordering him to open the door. This he refused to do, until we made demonstrations to break it down, when it was quickly unbarred, and we rushed in. The room we entered was large, with low ceiling, and from appearance was used by the family as a dining room, but the furniture was quite ordinary-looking. We found there two gentlemen, one an elderly man, the other quite young, with his left arm in a sling; this latter informed us he was Colonel Sylva, of the Mexican army, who was wounded and captured at Contreras, and then on

his parole of honor. We asked them for General Valencia, but they denied all knowledge of him, and said he was not in the house, having left some days before. Without parleying with them longer, Col. W. made arrangements to give the house a thorough search, and, as a preliminary, sentinels were stationed at the doors, with orders to shoot any one who should attempt to pass out. By this time some of the family and servants had arisen and come into the room we had taken possession of, and were placed under safe-keeping. To judge from their behavior, they expected to be eaten alive, and it was no easy matter to convince them that we were not a set of barbarians. To the writer of this article was assigned the duty of searching the house; and, calling to my assistance two old rangers, who were armed to the teeth, we commenced operations. From the large room already mentioned, we passed into a smaller chamber, containing one bed, in which was lying a woman, *a la* night-cap, and from appearance as crazy as a bedlamite. When we approached her, she exhibited the most frightful contortions of countenance, and uttered such horrid noises, that we were not disposed to examine her very closely, but passed on to the next chambers. From what we learned afterwards, there is not much doubt but that this bedlamitish woman was none other than General Valencia in disguise. We passed through several rooms, some of which showed evidence of a hasty retreat, while in others the occupants had just risen, and were putting on their garments, and much frightened at the abrupt intrusion of armed men. In one room, nearly the last we entered, we found three beautiful girls, whose peaceful sleep and pleasant dreams had been suddenly disturbed by our knocking with our sabre-scabbards on their door for admittance. When we went in, they were sitting on the foot of the bed, *en deshabille*, bathed in tears, and looking the very pictures of beautiful despair. At first they could do no more than supplicate us by eloquent looks and burning tears, but in a few moments words came to their relief, when, in terms that would have moved sterner hearts than ours, they begged for their father's life and their own. Even if we had been blood-thirsty enough to have sought their lives, their supplications would have surely stayed our cruel purpose, for no appeal could go more to the heart than theirs did. And as I looked upon the two stern men who stood beside me—men whose hearts and nerves had never faltered amid the leaden hail—I saw tears of sympathy and pity chasing each other down their furrowed cheeks. They called upon us, in the name of the Virgin Mary and all the kindred saints, to spare them. After they had ceased speaking, we explained to them, as well as we could, the object of our visit, and assured them they need be under no alarm, as we would neither hurt nor interfere with them in any manner. In answer to this, they smiled through their tears, and invoked a blessing upon us, from their patron saint of Gaudalupe. We occupied a few minutes in searching their room, and then passed on to other parts of the premises. From thence we passed to the out-buildings, all of which we searched with care, looking into every corner that could afford a hiding-place for a man. The building was an old-fashioned Spanish house, of stone, only one story high, and surrounded by a high wall; and, as it was impossible for any one to escape, we were sure he was concealed somewhere within, but were unable to find him, and so we reported to Colonel Wynkoop.

While we were searching the premises, some one made an attempt to escape over the wall, but was discovered by one of the sentinels on duty, and fired at; he quickly dropped from the wall into the yard, and let the sword which he had in his hand fall outside. Who he was, and whether wounded or not, we could not learn. Although we had assured the family they were in no danger, they were yet in great alarm—the women in tears, and the men too much frightened to think of the least resistance. Having failed in our search, we held a council of war, to determine what course to take, and it was unanimously agreed to remain there until daylight, and then give the place another thorough searching. We found several gentlemen in the house, besides the two already mentioned, and though none of us had ever seen General Valencia, we were not willing to take either of them for him. One proved to be Colonel Arieta, of Valencia's staff, whom we made a prisoner of war; and as the others appeared to be citizens, we did not molest them. When they saw that our search had been unsuccessful, they seemed cheered with a prospect of his escape, and endeavored by a *ruse* to draw us away from the house. For this purpose, they told us that the general was then staying at a hacienda about three miles off, and one of them offered to show us the way. Colonel Wynkoop ordered an officer and six men to accompany the guide, the main body remaining until their return. Seeing this feint had not the desired effect, and that we were determined to remain there until he should be given up, they next began to make terms for him, wanting to know in what manner we would treat him if he should be taken. This confirmed us more strongly in the belief that he was in the house, and we felt quite sure of the prize. In the midst of this conference, we were interrupted by the entrance of a stout, good-looking gentleman, about fifty years of age, who saluted us, and said, in Spanish, "I am General Valencia." Colonel Wynkoop told him he was very happy to have the pleasure of making his acquaintance, and very politely informed him that he would consider himself a prisoner of war. The general assumed a great deal of indignation at the manner of his capture, and said it was contrary to the rules of war to take an officer who was not in the army, but living quietly with his family in the country. To this Colonel W. replied, that he was very sorry to put him or his family to any inconvenience, but that as he never gave us opportunity of making his acquaintance on the field of battle, this was the only chance we had to pay our respects to him.

We then informed the general and Colonel Arieta, that we wanted the pleasure of their company to the city of Mexico, and the sooner they were ready to go, the more agreeable it would be to us. While the two officers were preparing for their journey, the family, who had become more assured, and found we were not the fierce "northern barbarians" they had taken us to be, placed refreshments before us, which long fasting and hard riding made very welcome—and during this time some of us snatched a few moments of sleep. While we were in the house, the guard of Mexican lancers, on a hill near by, had discovered us, and were showing their bravery by blowing their trumpets and kindling up their watch-fires. They made every demonstration of attack, and we felt almost certain they would not allow us to leave without giving battle; and, therefore, the better to be able to defend ourselves against such a superior force, we concluded to remain until

daylight, before we set out on our return. Day was just beginning to break in the east when we assembled our men and mounted—but alas! for the belligerent demonstrations of the poor Mexicans—they were all expended in sound, and they allowed us to carry away their general, without striking a single blow in his defence. General Valencia and Colonel Arieta were mounted on their own horses, and accompanied by a servant. Our route, in return across the country to the main road, was nearly the same we had travelled the night before, except now and then, under the guidance of the general, we took a near cut, to avoid some of the deep ravines. When the day had fully dawned, we were enabled to see what a rough and rocky surface we had ridden over in the night, and how impossible to have found his place of residence without a guide. Once in the public road, the face of the country assumed a different appearance; on either side were well cultivated fields, and though it was mid-winter, the flowers and trees were in bloom, and the morning air was delightfully soft and balmy. The region of country through which we passed is a very populous one, and, if the people had possessed the proper spirit, they would never have allowed so small a force to carry off one of their most distinguished generals; but as it was, they looked upon the affair without any interest, nor did they know it was their duty to resist. We rode along at our leisure, without the least molestation—stopped at Tlalnepantla to lunch and rest our horses, and then pushed on to Mexico, where we arrived at half past eleven o'clock the same morning. The prisoners were conducted into the presence of General Scott, who released them on their paroles of honor. General Valencia died soon after.

From the Morning Chronicle.

DEATH OF JOANNA BAILLIE.

DEATH has just cut asunder one of the few remaining links between the present age and the brilliant literary period which ushered in the century. Joanna Baillie, not "Miss" Joanna—"for who," writes Walter Scott, "ever speaks of Miss Sappho?"—has departed, at the very advanced age of eighty-nine. The deceased lady always lived in retirement, and, latterly, in strict seclusion, in her retreat at Hampstead. The literary fame which she acquired by her own works, aided in no small degree by the long and loudly-expressed admiration of Walter Scott, never succeeded in drawing her generally into society. She lived the greater portion of her life with a maiden sister, Agnes—also a poetess—to whom she addressed her beautiful "Birthday" poem. Both ladies were the daughters of a Scottish clergyman, their mother being the sister of the celebrated Dr. William Hunter. They were born at Bothwell, within earshot of the rippling of the broad waters of the Clyde. Joanna's child-life and associations are beautifully mirrored in the poem to which we have alluded. Early in life the sisters removed to London, where their brother, the late Sir Matthew Baillie, was settled as a physician, and there her earliest poetical works appeared anonymously. Her first dramatic efforts were published in 1798, under the title, "A Series of Plays, in which it is attempted to delineate the stronger passions of the mind, each passion being the subject of a tragedy and a comedy." A long preface preceded the work, occupied by a dissertation by the authoress on the acted drama in general, in which, however, she betrayed sufficient

technical ignorance of the stage to make it obvious that her plays could never live in representation. Miss Baillie was then in the thirty-fourth year of her age. A second volume was published in 1802, and a third in 1812. During the interval she gave the world a volume of miscellaneous dramas, including the "Family Legend," a tragedy founded upon a story of one of the Macleans of Appin, and which, principally through Sir Walter's endeavors, was brought out at the Edinburgh Theatre. She visited Scott in Edinburgh in 1808. In the following year, the drama in question was played with great temporary success, Sir Walter Scott's enthusiasm in its favor communicating itself to Edinburgh society in general. The drama ran fourteen nights, and was published by the Ballantynes. In 1814 it was played in London. The only "Play of the Passions" ever represented on a stage was "De Montfort," brought out by John Kemble, and played for eleven nights. In 1821 it was revived for Edmund Kean, but fruitlessly. Miss O'Neil played the heroine. In fact, like all Joanna's dramatic efforts, it was a poem—a poem full of genius and the truest spirit of poetry—but not a play. Scott, however, was strongly taken by it; his lines are well known:—

Till Avon's swans—while rung the grove
With Montfort's hate, and Basil's love!—
Awakening at the inspiring strain
Deemed their own Shakspeare lived again!

In 1836, the authoress published three more volumes of plays. Previous to this, in 1823, a long-promised collection of "Poetic Miscellanies," appeared, containing Scott's dramatic sketch of "Macduff's Cross," with *inter alia*, some of Mrs. Hemans' poetry and Miss Catherine Fanshawe's *jeux d'esprit*. Scott's criticism of the former lady's productions deserves perpetuation, "Too much flower and too little fruit."

For many years Joanna Baillie has given no literary token of existence. Her plays have great merit; they are alternately powerful and pathetic, but Scott, *more suo*, overrated them. Their style is smooth, sometimes forcible, the plot constructed with neatness, but the catastrophe always apparent from the first scene—a fatal stage fault—while the dramatic situations are few and futile. The general notion of these dramas is founded upon Elizabethan models. The great literary points of Joanna Baillie, however, were a majestic power of simple yet sweeping and solemn language, and a deep but not luxuriant vein of rich and softly-flowing poetry.

Joanna Baillie expired on Sunday evening, the 23d inst. She retained her faculties till the last. By the poor in her neighborhood she will be long remembered for her benevolence and prompt humanity whenever she was called to evince those qualities:

A COMMITTEE of the Massachusetts Medical Society, consisting of Drs. George Hayward, J. B. S. Jackson, and O. W. Holmes, propose that homœopathic practitioners be excluded from the Society, hereafter; but while they "believe that the homœopathic physicians are mistaken in their views of the nature of disease and the mode of treatment," they acknowledge that "it would, perhaps, be doing injustice to homœopathy, if it were not admitted that the promulgation of its doctrines had, at least indirectly, been of some service to the cause of medical science. It may have taught us to place more confidence in the curative powers of nature, and less in medicinal agents, in the management of disease, than we have hitherto done."

From the Spectator, 1 March.

MR. MACREADY'S FAREWELL.

THE week which terminates to-day has been marked by a "great fact"—the farewell benefit of Mr. Macready at Drury Lane Theatre. The anticipatory taking of places, the conversion of the slips and the orchestra into a series of numbered seats, all of which were occupied, the crowd assembled in Drury Lane, Great Russell Street, and the other approaches, are all of them so many smaller facts, which swell up the "fact" par excellence, that the retirement of Mr. Macready was regarded as a matter of metropolitan if not of national importance. If Pope Pío Nono flatters himself that his "aggression" was on any one day so momentous in the eyes of Englishmen as Mr. Macready's retirement was on Wednesday last, he is egregiously mistaken. And let us add, that it was not a mere mob, in the depreciatory sense of the word, that attended to witness the great tragedian's exit; the audience comprised the picked men, representatives of the literary and artistic intellect of this country. Moreover, the throng was not drawn together by the ordinary feeling of curiosity. Probably there was not one person in the whole house who had not seen Mr. Macready's *Macbeth* over and over again; and there was no circumstance, beyond the fact of his retirement—no royal visit, or anything of that sort—to give a stamp of novelty to the performance. A desire to pay a tribute of respect to our greatest histrionic artist seemed to have inspired the inhabitants of London, and demonstrated itself with a force which old playgoers regard as unprecedented.

The professional critics of the day have celebrated the event by lengthened dissertations on Mr. Macready's peculiarities. From the earliest period votive offerings have been regulated by the position of the devotees. The earliest agriculturist loaded his altar with specimens of the vegetable kingdom; a sheep represented the adoration of the first shepherd. So in modern times the mere auditor solemnizes a theatrical event by the hand, hat, or handkerchief; while the critic makes a more imposing appearance in the triumphal procession by his characteristic essay. An evening like Wednesday last is just the occasion for "fine writing"—for weaving a net of categories that will do anything but catch the object in view. One ingenious gentleman will praise the artist for emancipating the stage from a cold, artificial, declamatory style; as if coldness and art were inseparable terms, and verse written as verse ought not to be spoken with moderate regard for metre. Another will likewise give his meed of applause because the actor has exhibited actualities rather than poetic creations; as if the principle were established, as a matter of course, that the individual man, with all his accidents, is to be represented, rather than the man ideally elevated. A third will prove to you that the artist was no genius, because what he did was the result of labor; as though genius were not in itself an impulse to labor, and true conscientious labor were not one of the exponents of genius. A fourth will, perchance, cross the stage-lamps, discuss the actor's internal motives and peculiarities of temper, and—But with a gentleman of this kind we have nought to do excepting to remark that he goes beyond the proper limits of his vocation.

If we too must give our votive characteristic, we can only recapitulate what we have frequently said before, and have found uttered in a more expansive

form by many of our contemporaries. According to our view, Mr. Macready was an intellectual actor—an artist who worked from a conception, at a time when others worked according to tradition, without any fresh impulse from their own minds; and this, after all, was his great merit. His tendency was to the natural rather than the ideal, to the concrete rather than to the abstract; and hence, the more definite features a part presented, the more complete was his impersonation. Exceptions to this general statement may indeed be found in his large répertoire; but still it is near enough to the truth when only generalities are possible. A peculiarity of utterance and of gesture, which cannot be conveyed otherwise than by imitation, and which will be handed down by mimics long after Mr. Macready's excellencies are inaccessible, should not be passed over, as they were a most important element in the artist's performance. The manner in which he would turn this peculiarity, half-mental half-physical, to account, now in the ironical touches by which he relieved the graver passages of tragedy, now by the genuine humor of his comedy, was a remarkable instance of an artist making the best even of a drawback.

But high as is the position which Mr. Macready has occupied for more than five-and-thirty years in his profession—being during the latter portion of that period the only original intellectual tragedian on the stage, for his younger contemporaries are disciples, not originators—high as is this position, it is only one of the causes which produced the excitement of last Wednesday. The exertions of Mr. Macready in reviving a taste for the poetical drama at a time when its revival seemed hopeless; his superior literary acquirements; the really high station he has occupied in society, not as a "lion," but as one of its worthiest members—all these circumstances must be taken into consideration, to account for the enthusiasm displayed at Drury Lane, and the anxiety with which tickets are sought for the "Macready Dinner" which is announced to take place this day. A tie of esteem, binding the public to the artist, has gradually and without interruption been strengthened during a long series of years; and this was strongly expressed by the demeanor of Mr. Macready's audience, and the look—we would almost say of affection—with which he took leave of them. It is worthy of observation that his performance of *Macbeth* was unaccompanied by the vulgar patronizing forms of applause; the tragedy was respectfully heard throughout.

The short speech which was delivered by Mr. Macready after the tragedy, and in plain clothes, is greatly to be commended for the modest manner in which the artist set forth the real facts of his position; and we would add, that the style of delivery was completely in keeping with the style of the words, which we give entire.

Ladies and Gentlemen—My last theatrical part is played; and, in accordance with long-established usage, I appear once more before you. Even if I were without precedent for the discharge of this act of duty, it is one which my own feelings would irresistibly urge upon me; for, as I look back on my long professional career, I see in it but one continuous record of indulgence and support extended to me, cheering me in my onward progress, and upholding me in most trying emergencies. I have therefore been desirous of offering you my parting acknowledgments for the partial kindness with which my humble efforts have uniformly been received, and for a life made happier by your favor. The distance of more than five-and-

thirty years has not dimmed my recollection of the encouragement which gave fresh impulse to the inexperienced essays of my youth, and stimulated me to perseverance, when struggling hardly for equality of position against the genius and talent of those artists whose superior excellence I ungrudgingly admitted, admired, and honored. That encouragement helped to place me, in respect to privileges and emolument, on a footing with my distinguished competitors. With the growth of time your favor seemed to grow; and, undisturbed in my hold on your opinion, from year to year I found friends more closely and thickly clustering round me. All I can advance to testify how justly I have appreciated the patronage thus liberally awarded me, is the devotion, throughout those years, of my best energies to your service. My ambition to establish a theatre, in regard to decorum and taste worthy of our country, and to have in it the plays of our divine Shakspeare fitly illustrated, was frustrated by those whose duty it was, in virtue of the trust committed to them, themselves to have undertaken the task. But some good seed has yet been sown; and in the zeal and creditable productions of certain of our present managers, we have assurance that the corrupt editions and unseemly presentations of past days will never be restored, but that the purity of our great poet's text will from henceforward be held on our English stage in the reverence it should ever command. I have little more to say. By some the relation of an actor to his audience is considered as slight and transient. I do not feel it so. The repeated manifestation, under circumstances personally affecting me, of your favorable sentiments towards me, will live with me among my most grateful memories; and because I would not willingly abate one jot in your esteem, I retire with the belief of yet unfailing powers, rather than linger on the scene, to set in contrast the feeble style of age with the more vigorous exertions of my better years. Words—at least such as I can command—are ineffectual to convey my thanks. In offering them, you will believe that I feel far more than I give utterance to. With sentiments of the deepest gratitude I take my leave, bidding you, ladies and gentleman, in my professional capacity, with regret, and most respectfully, a last farewell.

The spirit and vigor with which *Macbeth* had been played were sufficient to justify the avowed conviction of the actor that he retired with "yet unfulfilling powers;" although an occasional effort, both on Wednesday and during the recent performances at the Haymarket, may have shown that those powers are not precisely what they were years ago.

One great moral to be drawn from the demonstration of Wednesday is this, that the artist who labors worthily in any department of art is certain of respect, not to say veneration. There are persons who affect to look down on the histrionic profession; but who that saw the head of that profession honored with an ovation which royalty itself could not command, would venture to deny that a great actor is one of the highest objects of esteem in an enlightened metropolis!

[From the Daily News of 3d March we copy the principal parts of a long report.]

PUBLIC DINNER TO MR. MACREADY.

On Saturday, the friends and admirers of Mr. Macready entertained him at a public dinner in the Hall of Commerce. Upwards of 600 gentlemen assembled to do honor to this popular actor on his retirement from the stage, and amongst them were Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, (who took the chair,) their excellencies the Prussian minister, the Chev-

alier Bunsen, and the Belgian Minister, M. Van de Weyer; Sir C. L. Eastlake, P.R.A.; Charles Dickens, Esq.; Sir E. Landseer; Lord Dufferin; Captain Sir George Back; Charles Babbage, Esq.; W. M. Thackeray, Esq.; Lord W. Graham; Lord Ernest Bruce; James Heywood, Esq., M.P.; D. Maclise, Esq., R.A.; Charles Baring, Esq., R.A.; A. Stafford, Esq., M.P.; Sir Alexander Gordon; K. De Bammerville; S. Hart, Esq., R.A.; M. Macaulay, Esq., Q.C.; D. Roberts, Esq., R.A.; F. P. Delme Radcliffe, Esq.; Eliot Warburton, Esq.; W. F. Pollock, Esq.; the Marquis of Clanricarde; Sir R. Murchison; Hon. W. Cowper, M.P.; Charles Kemble, Esq.; John Forster, Esq.; Lieut-General Sir John Wilson; C. Stanfield, Esq., R.A.; W. J. Fox, Esq., M.P.; R. Monckton Milnes, Esq., M.P.; John Delane, Esq.; C. Leslie, Esq., R.A.; P. H. Howard, Esq., M.P.; Albany Fonblanque, Esq.; Hon. S. Lyttleton; J. Cattermole, Esq.; Sir E. Ryan; Mr. Serjeant Adams; R. S. Rintoul, Esq.; D. W. Harvey, Esq.; C. Herries, Esq.; Samuel Carter Hall, Esq.; Major Hall; P. Cunningham, Esq.; J. H. Parry, Esq.; Charles Knight, Esq.; G. Bentinck, Esq.; B. Webster, Esq.; Joseph Paxton, Esq.; Mark Lemon, Esq.; Dr. Southey; B. W. Proctor, Esq.; W. Jerdan, Esq.; S. Phelps, Esq.; Captain Torrens; F. Stone, Esq.; G. Landseer, Esq.; J. Leech, Esq.; G. Macready, jun., Esq.; Dr. Mackay.

The dinner being over, and the usual loyal toasts having been duly honored,

The *Chairman* said—Gentlemen, when I glance through this vast hall, and feel how weak and indistinct is my voice, I feel that I must frankly throw myself on your indulgence, and entreat your most patient and courteous attention, while I approach that subject which unites to-day an assembly so remarkable for the number and distinction of those who compose it. (Hear.) We are met to do honor to an eminent man, who retires into private life after those services to the public which are always most felt when we are about to lose them. (Loud cheers.) There are many among you far better calculated than I am to speak critically of the merits of Mr. Macready as an actor; but, placed as I am in this chair, I feel that I should greatly disappoint you if I did not seek to give some utterance to those sentiments of admiration of which you have made me the representative. (Applause.) Gentlemen, this morning I read in one of the literary journals some qualifying remarks as to the degree of Mr. Macready's genius. And now, gentlemen, as I recognize here many who are devoted to literature and art, I will ask them if I am not right in this doctrine, that the true measure of the genius of an artist is the degree of excellence to which he brings the art that he cultivates. (Hear, hear.) Try Mr. Macready by this test, and how great is the genius that will delight us no more! (Loud applause.) Its real greatness is not at once fully recognized, for in admiration of what I will call the symmetry of art, its height and breadth are often forgotten. (Cheers.) For we know that it is the uneven and irregular surface that strikes us, and that the dimensions of genius, like those of a building, are lost in the justness of its proportions—(cheers)—and therefore it is that in recalling the surpassing excellence of our guest as an artistic performer, one is really at a loss to see in what line of character he excelled the most—the titanic grandeur of Lear, the mental debasement of Werner, the frank vivacity of Henry the

Fifth, the gloomy and timorous bigotry of King John, or that, his last personation, of Macbeth, in which it seemed to me that he conveyed a more exact notion of what Shakspeare designed than I recollect to have read in the most profound of the German critics; for, I take it, what Shakspeare meant to represent in Macbeth was a kind of character most liable to be influenced by the belief in supernatural agency—a man who is actually subservient to all the impressions which his restless imagination, more powerful than his will, creates—who sees daggers in the air and ghosts in the banquet-hall—who has moral weakness and physical courage, and who, as our guest represented him, alternates perpetually between terror and daring—a trembler when oppressed by conscience, and a warrior when defied by his foes. (Cheers.) But in this, as in all that numberless crowd of characters which are too fresh in your memories for me to enumerate, we don't so much say how well this was spoken, or how finely that was acted, as we feel within ourselves how true is the personation of the whole. Gentlemen, there is a word often applied to artists and authors, and I think always applied improperly, when we speak of superior intellect—the word versatility. I think the proper word is comprehensive. (Hear, hear.) A man of genius does not vary and change, which is the meaning of the word versatility, but he has a mind sufficiently comprehensive to embrace all variety and changes. If I seek to circumscribe a circle I can then draw as many lines as I please straight from the centre to the circumference; but the mathematical law is, that all these lines must be equal one to the other, or it is not a circle. (Hear, hear.) I don't say that our guest is versatile, but I say that he is comprehensive; and the proof that he is most comprehensive in his capacity is, that all the lines he has created within the range of his art are equal one to the other. And that, gentlemen, explains to you that originality, which even his adversaries have conceded to him. Every great actor has his manner, as every great writer has his style. But the originality of our guest does not consist in his manner alone, but in his singular depth of thought. He is not only comprehensive in his essential views of oratory, in look, in gesture, intonation, stage play, but he has applied his study far deeper—he has sought to penetrate into the subtlest intentions of the poet, and made poetry itself the golden key to the secrets of the human heart. (Great applause.) He is original because he has not sought to be original, but true; because, in a word, he is conscientious in art as in his actions. (Loud cheers.) Gentlemen, there is one merit in our guest as an actor, on which I would indeed be ungrateful if I were silent. Many a great performer may attain to high reputation if he restrain his talents to the acting of Shakspeare and the great writers of the past, but it is clear that in so doing he does not advance an inch the literature of his time. It has been the merit of our guest to recognize the truth that the actor has it in his power to assist in creating the writer. He has identified himself with the living drama of the period, and by so doing he has half created it. Who does not recollect the rough and manly vigor of Tell, and the Roman heroism of Virginius, and the exquisite sweetness and pathos and dignity of Ion! (Tremendous cheering.) Who does not feel that, but for him, those great plays would never have obtained a hold upon the stage, or have ranked among the masterpieces which will go down

to the latest posterity! (Great cheering.) And what charm and grace—not the author's own—he has given to the lesser works of an inferior writer, it is not for me to say. (A loud burst of cheering from all parts of the room.) But, gentlemen, all this, in which he has sought to rally round him all the dramatic writers of his time, all this brings me at once from the merits of the actor to those of the manager. I recall that brief but glorious time when the drama of England appeared suddenly to revive, and promise that the future would be worthy of the past—(cheers)—when, by the union of all the kindred arts, and the exercise of taste at once gorgeous and severe, we saw the thoughts of Shakspeare properly embodied on the stage, the ornament being ever subordinate to the work. Just remember the manner in which the supernatural agency of the weird sisters was made appear to the eye—or how the magic isle of Prospero rose in its mysterious solitude—or how the knightly character of Henry of Agincourt received its true interpretation from the pomp of the feudal age, and you will own that you could not strip the stage of those scenic effects without stripping Shakspeare of half the depth and richness of his descriptions. (Great cheering.) But that was only half the merit of his management; he purified the audience, so that, for the first time since the reign of Charles the Second, a father might have taken his daughter to the public theatre with as much safety and as little fear of any shock to decorum as if he had taken her to the house of a friend—(cheers)—and for this reason, the late lamented Bishop of Norwich made it a point to form the personal acquaintance of Mr. Macready, that he might thank him as a prelate of the church for the good he had done to society. (Hear.) Gentlemen, I cannot recall the past without a sharp pang of indignant regret; for if Mr. Macready's management had lasted some ten or twelve years, we should have established a permanent school for actors, and a fresh and enduring field of dramatic poetry, and we might, while we educated the audience up to it, feel that dramatic performances of the highest point of excellence had become an intellectual want, which could not be dispensed with any more than we can now dispense with the newspaper or the book-room—(great cheering)—and all this has been checked and put back for an age, not because the public would not support the experiment—for he says that his houses were filled to overflowing—but because of the enormous amount of the exaction on the part of the proprietors of the theatre, which, even in the most prosperous seasons, made the exact difference between profit and loss. (Hear, hear.) It is not the place now to speak of remedies—remedies there are, but they are for legislation to effect. That view of the subject involves considerations with regard to those patents secured to certain houses for the purpose of obtaining for this metropolis the legitimate drama, and which I fear have proved hostile to it. But these recollections belong to the past—the actor, the manager, are no more. (Hear, hear.) Whom have we with us to-day! Something grander than actor or manager. To-day we have with us *the man*. (Tremendous cheering.) Gentlemen, to speak of those virtues which adorn a home, and are only known in secret, has always appeared to be out of place on public occasions; but there are some virtues which cannot be called private—which accompany men everywhere—which form an essential part of their character, and of such it becomes us to speak, for it is to such

we are met to do honor; I mean integrity, devotion to pure ends, and high ambition, mental independence, and honor that never knew a stain. (Applause.) Why should we disguise from ourselves that there are great prejudices to the profession of an actor? Who does not know that our noble guest has lived down every one of such prejudices—not by falling into the old weaknesses of the actor, and for which Garrick could not escape the sarcasms of Johnson—I mean hunting after the society and patronage of the great. (Hear, hear.) The great have sought in him the accomplished gentleman; but he never stooped the proud front of an Englishman to court any patronage meaner than that of the public, or sue for the smile with which fashion humiliates the genius it condescends to flatter. (Immense cheering.) And therefore it is that he has so lifted up that profession to which he belongs into its proper rank among the higher arts; and hence it is, in glancing over the list of stewards, we find that every element of that aristocracy on which he never fawned, unites to render him this tribute of respect. (Cheers.) The ministers of foreign nations—names amongst the noblest peers of England—veterans of that profession of whose honor he was the life-spring—the chiefs of literature, and science, and art, ministers of the church, sensible of the benefits he has bestowed upon society in banishing from the stage what had drawn upon it the censures of the pulpit—all are here—all unite to enforce the truth—the great truth—which he leaves to those who come after him, that let a man but honor his calling, and his calling will soon be an honor to the man. (Great applause.) Gentlemen, I cannot better sum up all I have to say than in the words which the Roman orator applied to the actor of his day, and I ask you if I may not say to him, as Cicero said of Roscius—"He is a man who unites yet more of virtues than of talents, yet more of truth than of art, and who, having dignified the scene by the various portraiture of human life, dignifies yet more this assembly by example of his own." (Cheers.) The toast I am about to propose to you is connected with many sad associations, but not to-day. (Hear.) Later and long will we cherish whatever may sadden the mingled feelings that accompany this fare-well—(hear)—later, when night after night we miss from the playbills the old familiar name, and feel that one, the source of elevated delight, is lost to us forever. (Great applause.) To-day let us only rejoice that he who is so precious and dear is no worn-out veteran retiring to the rest he can no longer enjoy—that he leaves in the prime of his powers with many years to come in the course of nature of that dignified leisure for which every public man must have sighed in the midst of his triumphs—(cheers);—and although I cannot say that the period of his life has fallen into "the sere, the yellow leaf," I can say that prematurely he has obtained that which should accompany old age—"love, honor, and obedience—troops of friends;" and, therefore, withdrawing for this night all selfish regrets—not thinking of the darkness which is to follow, but of the brightness of the sun that is to set, I call upon you, with full glasses and full hearts, to drink, "Health, happiness, and long life to William Macready."

The toast was drunk with the most enthusiastic applause, the cheering being several times renewed.

Mr. Macready, who was received with a loud burst of applause from the company, said: I rise to

thank you, I should say to attempt to thank you, for I feel the task is far beyond my powers. What can I say in reply to all that the friendly feelings of my friends have dictated? I have not the skill to arrange and dress in attractive language the thoughts that press upon me, and my incompetence may, perhaps, appear like a want of sensibility to your kindness, for we are taught to believe, that "out of the heart's fulness the mouth speaketh." But my difficulty, let me assure you, is a contradiction to the assertion. I have to thank my friend, your distinguished chairman, for proposing my health to you, and for the eloquence, and, may I not add, the brilliant fancy, with which he has enriched and graced his subject. But that we might readily expect from him, who in the wide discursive range of his genius touches nothing that he does not adorn. (Applause.) I have to thank you for the cordiality, and, if I may without presumption say so, the enthusiasm, with which the compliment has been received, and for the honor, never to be forgotten, that you have conferred on me by making me your guest to-day. (Loud cheers.) Never before have I been so oppressed with a sense of my deficiencies as at this moment, when looking on this assemblage of sympathizing friends crowded here to offer the spontaneous testimony of their regard. (Great cheering.) I observe among you many who for years have been the encouraging companions of my course, and there are present, too, those who have cheered my very latest efforts. (Hear.) To all who have united in the crowning tribute so far beyond my merits or expectations—to my old friends—the friends of many years, who welcomed me with hopeful greeting in the morning of my professional life, and the younger ones, who now gather around to shed more brightness on my setting, I wish to pour forth the abundant expressions of my gratitude. (Great applause.) You are not, I think, aware of the full extent of my obligations to you. Independently of the substantial benefit due to a liberal appreciation of my exertions, my very position in society was determined by the stamp which your approbation has set to my humble merits—(hear, hear)—let me unhesitatingly affirm that without undervaluing the accidents of birth or titular distinction, I would not exchange the grateful pride which your good opinion has given me the right to cherish, for any favor or advantage that the most privileged in station could receive. (Enthusiastic applause.) Gentlemen, I am really too much oppressed, too much overcome, to attempt to detain you long; but with the reflection, and under the conviction that your drama, the noblest in the world, can never lose its place from the stage while the English language lasts, I would venture to express one parting hope that the rising actors may keep the loftiest look, may hold the most elevated views of the duties of their calling. (Much cheering.) I would hope that they may arrive to elevate their art, and with it raise themselves above the level of the player's easy life to public regard and distinction by a faithful ministry to the genius of our incomparable Shakespeare. (Applause.) To effect this creditable purpose they must bring resolute energy and unflinching labor to their work—they must be content "to spurn delights and live laborious days." Remember, whatever is excellent in art must spring from labor and endurance. (Renewed applause.)

Deep the oak must sink in stubborn earth its roots obscure,
That hopes to lift its branches to the sky.

This, gentlemen, I can assure you, was the doctrine of our Siddons and of the great Talma, and this is the faith I have ever held as one of their humblest disciples. (Cheers.) To my direction of the two patent theatres on which my friend has so kindly dilated I wish to say but little. The preambles of their patents recite, as a condition of their grants, that the theatre should be for the promotion of virtue and instruction to the human race. I think these are the words. I can only say it was my determination to the best of my ability to obey that injunction, and, believing in the principle that property has its duties as well as its rights, I conceived that the proprietors should have coöperated with me. They thought otherwise, and I was reluctantly compelled to relinquish, on disadvantageous terms, my half-achieved enterprise. Others will take up the uncompleted work, and if inquiry was set on foot for one best qualified to undertake the task, I should seek him in a theatre which by eight years' labor he has, from the most degraded condition, raised high in public estimation, not only as regards the intelligence and respectability of his audience, but in the learned and tasteful spirit of his productions. (Cheers.) Gentlemen, I shall not detain you longer. All that I could desire, and far more than I ever could expect, you have, in the honor you have done me this day, conferred upon me. It will be a memory that must remain as an actual possession to me and mine, which nothing in life can take from us. The repetition of thanks adds little to their force, and therefore, deeply as I am already obliged to you, I must draw still further on your indulgence. (Hear, hear.) You have had faith in my zeal for your service, you will I am sure continue that faith in my gratitude for the value you have set upon it. With a heart more full than the glass I hold, I return you my grateful thanks, and have the honor of drinking health to you all.

Mr. Macready, who was several times evidently much affected in the course of his address, resumed his seat amidst general demonstrations of applause.

Mr. Charles Dickens, who was received with the most enthusiastic applause, rose to propose the next toast. He said—Gentlemen, after all you have already heard, and have so rapturously received, I assure you that not even the warmth of your kind welcome would embolden me to hope to interest you, if I had not full confidence in the subject I have to offer to your notice. (Hear, hear.) But my reliance on the strength of this appeal to you is so strong that I am rather encouraged than daunted by the brightness of the track on which I have to throw my little shadow. ("Hear," and laughter.) Gentlemen, as it seems to me, there are three great requisites essential to the perfect realization of a scene so unusual and so splendid as that in which we are now assembled. The first, and I must say very difficult requisite, is a man possessing the stronghold in the general remembrance, the indisputable claim on the general regard and esteem, which is possessed by my dear and much valued friend, our guest. (Hear, hear.) The second requisite is the presence of a body of entertainers—a great multitude of hosts so cheerful and good-humored—under, I am sorry to say, some personal inconvenience—"No, no."—so warm-hearted and so nobly in earnest, as those whom I have the privilege of addressing. (Hear, hear.) The third, and certainly not the least of these requisites, is a president who, less by his social position, which he may claim by inheritance, or by

fortune, which may have been adventitiously won, and may be again accidentally lost, than by his comprehensive genius, shall fitly represent the best heart of him to whom honor is done, and the best heart of those who unite in the doing of it. (Hear, hear.) Such a president I think we have found in our chairman of to-night—(loud cheers)—and I need scarcely add that our chairman's health is the toast I have to propose to you. (Hear, hear.) Many of those who now hear me were present, I dare say, at that memorable scene of Wednesday night last. (Loud cheers.) When I looked round on the vast assemblage, and observed the huge pit hushed into stillness on the rising of the curtain, and that mighty surging gallery, where men in their shirt-sleeves had been striking out their arms like strong swimmers—when I saw that boisterous human flood become still water in a moment, and remain so from the opening to the end of the play, it suggested to me something besides the trustworthiness of an English crowd, and the delusion under which those labor who are apt to disparage and malign it; it suggested to me that in meeting here to-night we undertook to represent something of the all-pervading feeling of that crowd through all its intermediate degrees—from the full-dressed lady with her diamonds sparkling upon her breast in the proscenium-box, to the half-dressed gentleman—(laughter)—who bides his time to take some refreshment in the back row of the gallery. (Laughter.) And I consider, gentlemen, that no one who could possibly be placed in this chair could so well head that comprehensive representation, and could so well give the crowning grace to our festivities, as one whose comprehensive genius has in his various works embraced them all, and who has, in his dramatic genius, enchanted and enthralled them all at once. (Loud cheers.) Gentlemen, it is not for me here to recall, after what you have heard this night, and what I have seen and known in the bygone times of Mr. Macready's management, of the strong friendship of Sir Bulwer Lytton for him, of the association of his pen with his earliest successes, or of Mr. Macready's zealous and untiring services; but it may be permitted me to say what, in any public mention of him, I can never repress, that in the path we both tread I have uniformly found him from the first the most generous of men—quick to encourage, slow to disparage—(cheers)—ever anxious to assert the order of which he is so great an ornament; never condescending to shuffle it off, and leave it outside state rooms, as a Mussulman might leave his slippers outside a mosque. (Cheers and laughter.) There is a popular prejudice, a kind of superstition, to the effect that authors are not a particularly united body; that they are not invariably and inseparably attached to each other. (Cheers and laughter.) I am afraid I must concede half a grain or so of truth to that superstition; but this I know, that there can hardly be—that there hardly can have been—among the followers of literature, a man of more high standing, or further above these little grudging jealousies, which do sometimes disparage its brightness, than Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton. (Cheers.) And I have the strongest reason just at present to bear my testimony to his great consideration for those evils which are sometimes unfortunately attendant upon it, though not on him. (Hear, hear.) For, in conjunction with some other gentlemen now present, I have just embarked in a design with Sir Lytton Bulwer, to smooth the rugged way of young laborers, both in literature

and the fine arts, and to soften by no eleemosynary means the declining years of meritorious age. (Loud cheers.) And if that project prosper as I hope it will, and as I know it ought, it will be one day an honor to England where there is now a reproach—(hear);—originating in his sympathies being brought into operation by his activity, and endowed from its very cradle by his generosity. There are many among you who will have each his own favorite reason for drinking our chairman's health, resting his claim probably upon some one of his diversified successes. According to the nature of your reading some of you will connect him with prose, others will connect him with poetry; one will connect him with comedy, and another with the romantic passions of the stage; and his assertion of worthy ambition and earnest struggle against those twin jailers of the human heart, low birth and iron fortune. (Cheers.) Again, another's taste will lead him to the contemplation of Rienzi and the streets of Rome; another's, to the rebuilt and repopled streets of Pompeii; another's to the touching history of the fire-side, where the Caxton family learned how to discipline their natures and tame their wild hopes down. (Loud cheers.) But however various their feelings and reasons may be, I am sure that, with one accord, each will help the other, and all will swell the greeting, with which I shall now propose to you, "The Health of our Chairman, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton." (Loud and long-continued cheering.)

Mr. John Forster said that he had been so far anticipated by the chairman's address in proposing the health of their distinguished guest, that he had little to add in proposing that they should now do honor to dramatic literature by drinking the health of its representatives present. It was to the honor of Mr. Macready that his name was allied equally with past and present dramatic literature. He had given to Byron that place on the stage which he passionately coveted, but did not live to see achieved, and had connected his (Mr. Macready's) name with those master-pieces of comedy and tragedy of which, though it did not, perhaps, become the chairman to speak, it well became them to remember. (Hear, hear.) Nor did he see any reason why, because the hon. baronet was sitting in the chair, that he (Mr. Forster) should scruple to assert, what every one present knew, who witnessed the noble series of farewell performances so lately brought to a conclusion, that a great character of the chairman's own creation, in those performances, stood out prominently, and never failed, when announced, to fill the theatre to excess—he need not say that he alluded to "Riche-lieu," a play of which it might be predicted safely that it would keep permanent possession of the British stage—and it would be the glory of future generations of actors to have the tradition of the way in which the great Macready played it. Another play with which those great performances were associated—a play which was sure to be unfailingly prominent, and prove inseparable from the English stage—was the true and beautiful tragedy of "Virginius," in which Mr. Knowles, with unerring dramatic instinct, had placed beneath the armor of the old Roman warrior a heart throbbing with those pure affections which lived at the domestic hearth in every country. A wide range of other dramatic achievements, not less delightful or less talented, crowded on his mind as he thought of the author of "Virginius;" but with this indirect mention he must leave an author who would

have as good a right to live in future times as your Beaumonts and Massingers had to live in our own. (Loud cheers.) He had still to mention several names of authors associated with Mr. Macready's performances, and prominent amongst them was a distinguished man, high in his country's service, who, he regretted, was prevented by his official duties from being present that day—Mr. Justice Talfourd, the talented author of the beautiful tragedy of "Ion," whose triumphant success out-rooting professional prejudice had enabled poets to look law in the face without blushing. (Loud laughter.) He saw present others eminent in dramatic literature—Mr. Proctor, better and more dearly known to us as Barry Cornwall, whose dramatic scenes declared him early of the genius of the age of Elizabeth, and whose "Mirandolo" was amongst the earliest of Mr. Macready's triumphs—the Rev. Mr. White, well known to them by his delightful play of the "King of the Commons." (Hear, hear.) He felt that he had trespassed too long, or he might mention the names—all associated with Mr. Macready—of Richard Sheil, Banim, Miss Mitford, Taylor, the author of "Philip Van Artevelde," nor would he have been contented, if time permitted, with alluding to those whose works were connected with Mr. Macready's career, for every dramatic writer is profited by that career; least of all, should he have been disposed to exclude the mention of one he regretted was not present, a man of wit and genius—Douglas Jerrold. He might also remember the name of Bell, the author of many clever and characteristic comedies; but he remembered he had another duty to discharge before he sat down—he had been trusted with a few lines of poetry by his friend, the poet laureate, Alfred Tennyson, addressed to their distinguished guest.

Farewell, Macready, since to-night we part;
Full-handed thunders often have confest
Thy power well-used to move the public breast.
We thank thee with one voice, and from the rest.
Farewell, Macready; since this night we part.
Go, take thine honors home; rank with the best,
Garrick, and statelier Kemble, and the rest,
Who made a nation purer thro' their art.
Thine is it, that our Drama did not die,
Nor flicker down to brainless Pantomime.
And those gilt gauds men-children swarm to see.
Farewell, Macready; moral, grave, sublime,
Our Shakspeare's bland and universal eye
Dwells pleased, thro' twice a hundred years on thee.

The Chairman—We are graced this evening with the presence of the representative of a country to which we are indebted for the profoundest analytical criticism of Shakspeare—a gentleman who is well known for his accomplishments; he meant the Prussian Minister, Chevalier Bunsen. I beg to propose "The German exponents of Shakspeare," in connection with this distinguished gentleman.

The toast having been warmly responded to, Chevalier Bunsen, who was received with loud cheering, responded to the toast in the following words:—Much as I must wish that there was present on this occasion one of the surviving heroes of our literature to whom Germany owes the distinguished honor which has been done to her dramatic writers and critics, I am free to confess that I am proud that it has fallen to my lot to be on such an occurrence the feeble but sincere interpreter of our national feelings. Sir, that honor is great and precious, coming as it does from such a man, addressing such an assembly, on such an occasion. Gentlemen, the modern literature of

Germany was nurtured by the English muse, and the genius of William Shakspeare watched over her cradle. He is not a true German who does not gratefully acknowledge that fact. (Cheers.) When after one century of bloody internal wars, and another of benumbment, about eighty years ago, the national spirit of Germany had gathered strength to look around, he found himself in the fetters of the most conventional poetry, and taste, which ever has weighed upon poor humanity since the days of China and Byzance; oratorical prose in rhyme, rhetoric reserved up to poetry, civilized galvanism mistaken for the rhythm of organic life. It was under such circumstances that the first of our intellectual giants, Lessing, arose, and in pure classical German proved that our models must be looked for somewhere else, and particularly in the dramatic art. Lessing pointed to two great constellations—the Athenian theatre, and William Shakspeare. He did more; he united with a great and genial actor, Schroder, at Hamburg, to give Germany a national theatre fashioned after those models. When one decade later the immortal author of our greatest national drama, of "Faust," when the bright star of Goethe rose on the horizon, his dramatic creed was the same; Æschylus and Sophocles, and William Shakspeare forever! (Cheers.) Again, when a few decades later, towards the beginning of this century, that noble pair of brothers—Frederic and William Schlegel—began to apply the united force of genius, philosophy, and poetry to the creation of a comprehensive system of poetical and artistic criticism, considering all real and lasting productions of art, not as an accidental kaleidoscopic variety of forms, but as a link in the chain of the development of mind; and when their common friend, Ludwig Tieck, opened his delightful, both creative and critical, vein for the same object, who was the hero, in whose name and to whose honor they broke down the idols of conventional poetry, and condemned to eternal oblivion all sham and unreality! Who was the hero who inspired both Goethe and Schiller, and the followers of the romantic school, but William Shakspeare and his theatre! This name of Shakspeare, then, was not the fashion of an age, it was not the hue and cry of a school of metaphysic philosophers, or the whim of critical poets. No, sir, it was no more or less than the adequate expression of the deepest national feeling; it was the organ and echo of the universal voice of love and admiration, with which the Anglo-Saxon mind, in its native abode, reverently hailed the great-minded genius of England as the poetical hero of the Germanic race. (Cheers.) It is above all this instinctive love and admiration which has made Shakspeare the most popular name, and his dramas the most universally read poetical works among forty millions of Germans. The distinguished editor of Shakspeare, who in our age has given to England and to the world the genuine text of that author, and carried out the right principles of its interpretation, says somewhere most truly, "the foundation of a right understanding of Shakspeare is love"—reverent love, of course, as every true love is. Well, I think we Germans do love Shakspeare, and we love him reverently. We do not love him for this or for that, but we love him best for being what he is. We do not admire him for a happy simile here, or a striking observation there, none of which, beautiful as they may be as part of a whole, could make him, as we think, a poet, much less the king of all dramatic writers of the

world. We love above all his grand poetical conceptions, and the truthful manner in which he does justice to them. We see in every piece of his an artistic reproduction of those eternal laws which, in spite of many apparent contradictions, and through all antagonistic forces, regulate always in the end the national, and very often the individual, destinies of mankind. To represent them in action is the divine privilege of the dramatic genius. This being our conception of Shakspeare, and this the relation his immortal works bear to our present national literature, you will think me sincere in saying—what you praise us for, is nothing but the deep acknowledgment of our eternal obligations to you and the world's greatest dramatist, the voice of our grateful and reverent love to our saving and inspiring hero. I beg your pardon for having been so prolix on this point. But all I have said bears even directly upon the occasion of our festive meeting on this day. For, sir, I confess I have never been able to understand how one can love Shakspeare's plays, without feeling the most lively interest for the national theatre, on which his dramas are to be represented, and the highest regard for the great actor. (Cheers.) The great actor is infinitely more necessary to reproduce the author's idea of a play, than a good musical director is required for the understanding of a great musical composition. You can set tunes and harmonies to notes, but not words and sentences to declamation. And what can you prescribe for action? The great actor is the real *hypophetes* of the prophet, the best interpreter of his meaning, and nothing less than his whole person—his body, mind, and soul—are required for performing that great task. In the age in which we live it is not the question whether we are to have a national theatre or not. The question only is whether the theatre is to be conducted by libretto makers and mechanical or mercantile managers, or whether it is to be regulated by first-rate men both of intellect and of moral courage. The question is whether we shall allow it to be disgraced into a slave of fashion and low amusement, or whether it is to be upheld as a high intellectual and moral school, nourished by the best feelings of the nation, and worthy of the support of an enlightened national government. Gentlemen, I think we all agree about this alternative. It is our cordial agreement on this question which has collected us also to-day around our justly honored guest. The German literature and nation have long decided that question in the same way. I have already mentioned that Lessing allied himself with Schroder, the celebrated German actor of his time. In the same manner Goethe dedicated a great part of his long, laborious, and self-devoted life to creating and maintaining a national theatre, and so did Ludwig Tieck for many years at Dresden and Berlin. I think that precious as their time was, it was well bestowed upon this great object. And I cannot allow this occasion to pass without mentioning a fact directly bearing upon this occasion, that when Ludwig Tieck was, in 1817, in London, he was struck by a young actor, then only beginning to appear before the public. He did not see him in a Shakspearian play, the particular object of his devoted attention, but in a now forgotten drama of the day, in a character neither attractive nor deeply poetical. But, nevertheless, he was struck by that young actor, in the midst of the splendid constellations which then shone on the English stage. "If this young man (Tieck says in his Dramatic Letters of 1817) goes on as he has

begun, he will become one of the most eminent actors of the age." The young man's name was William Macready. (Loud cheers.) Gentlemen, there remains nothing more for me than to pay personally the tribute of sincere admiration and gratitude to him by whose side I have to-day the distinguished honor to sit. Having watched him attentively during the ten years I have had the happiness to spend in this country, I do not know whether I admire him more as the man who has made me understand "Macbeth" and "Hamlet," and, above all, "Lear," better than I ever understood them before, or as the high-minded manager, and as the man of character, who has often staked his very existence on his great and noble object, which was to raise the standard of his art, to elevate the English actor, and to purify and ennoble the national stage. And I finally wish you joy, gentlemen, that you have celebrated the retirement of this man from the stage in a manner which honors both him and yourselves, and which is full of European and universal interest; and I conclude by expressing to you my deepest gratitude for having associated me with your feelings. (Cheers.)

Mr. Thackeray—The toast I have the honor to propose is one that I propose with the utmost respect and cordiality, in which I am sure you will all reciprocate. This toast is, I believe, the most popular in the mind of Mr. Macready of any that have been proposed this evening. I shall, nevertheless, propose it, though under circumstances of particular difficulty, for I happened to read in a newspaper before I came down here that every single speech made upon this occasion, the names, weights, and colors of the speakers, would be published, and a correct list of them distributed by hundreds of thousands over the country. (A laugh.) As the lady whose health I wish to drink will infallibly be in one or more of these papers, I have some little hesitation in giving her name such publicity. She will no doubt seek for those papers immediately on their publication, for the purpose of reading every word that is said in praise of her husband. (Hear, hear.) She will read every name of every distinguished man here who has met to do him honor; yet I feel certain that when she comes to that part where her own most honored and respected name shall be brought forward, she will wish most sincerely that it had never appeared; and it would be, no doubt, more agreeable to her if, under the circumstances, it was not mentioned here. I mean to propose the health of our friend's best friend—his wife—and children. (Loud cheers.) The hero himself is present, and surrounded by his admirers and friends; but the hero's wife, though perhaps not less proud and happy, is sitting at home and alone. What a triumph it is for her to know he is thus treated at this magnificent assembly! He is indeed a hero, seated on his car of triumph, and we are all his admiring followers. But all triumphs must end, and this one, like the rest. These festivities cannot go on till morning—all must die out in time—we must go home. (Cheers and laughter.) Our entertainment is nearly over. I wish, however, that it would come often again. The dinner was partly cold—it is now quite cold—it has gone the way of all dinners. The champagne that was sparkling and fizzing about in the early part of the evening is now flat and heard no longer. The bottles have been removed by the Messrs. Bathe, the last toast has been said, and the last song has been sung; the lights will soon be put out, and when the lights are

out, the man who has put them out will go out himself. (Great laughter.) The point I wish to come to is this. I wish to think of our friend Macready, who, like Claude Melnotte, is sighing for his Constance, and I shall not therefore detain you longer, but propose to you the health of Mrs. Macready and her family. (Loud cheers.)

Mr. Macready then rose and said: Gentlemen, my friend, Mr. Thackeray, has informed you that the subject of your courtesy sits by her hearth at home. It is most true she does so; but I am sure she is still in spirit here—(hear, hear)—and a "still small voice," which can only be heard when the heart listens, tells me to thank you in her name for your kindness now, which I shall repeat to her to-morrow. (Hear, hear.) Like a dutiful husband, I obey her orders—(laughter and "hear")—and on her part, and from the bottom of my heart, in her name, I thank you. (Cheers.)

The meeting broke up at a quarter before 12 o'clock.

From the Examiner.

TO W. C. MACREADY, ESQ.,

ON HIS RETIREMENT FROM THE STAGE.

MOURN, ye who love our Drama, mourn at heart!
The stage hath seen her greatest son depart!
Farewell, Macready! and farewell, with thee,
To many a noble, high-wrought Tragedy!
Thine art was no tradition handed down
From man to man—" 't was thus did Betterton;"
Native, originate, and full of soul;
Deep-thoughted, well-considered, till the whole
Shone out in every part. No subtlety;
No barren pomp or cold monotony,
In which dull method and the matter strive,
But human passion terribly alive!
This was the power thou brought'st to poetry,
The mighty spell thou ledst thine audience by:
That reëmbodied forms thought-snatched from death;
That motion gave to mind; to feeling breath;
That seized the Poet's fancy—highest flown—
And where his stooped the wing, supplied thine
own!

And thou art gone! in fullest strength retired
When most our English stage thine aid required!
'T is sad, great limner, pictures such as thine
Must with the age that saw them know decline.
'T is even so! Thy colors, being of thee,
Like thee are mortal. Vain the attempt will be
With pen or tongue to tell thy mastery.
Who can convey the heart-leap, the quick tear,
The mental shiver, the admiring fear,
By saying "thus I felt?" Ah, none! Alas!
E'en with our going must thy myst'ry pass!
Thy canvas was our hearts, and with their thread
The life of all thy paintings must fall dead;
But, while the love of Genius here shall last,
And yet believe its records of the past,
Their spirit still, in never-paling Fame,
Shall dwell and radiate around thy name!

ZOUCH TROUGHTON.

REPROOF OF THANKS.

NAV, thank me not again for those
Camelias, and the untimely rose;
But if (whence you might please the more,
And win the few unwon before)
I sought the flowers you loved to wear,
O'erjoyed to see them in your hair,
Upon my grave I pray you set
One primrose or one violet . . .
Nay; I can wait a little yet.

W. S. LANDOR.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

THE lives of Scott and Southey are companion books. Wherever there is an English library, in which the literature of the present age is fairly represented, they will be found together. It is no exaggeration of the charm which they possess in common, to say that, of the class to which they belong, they are the most valuable and interesting biographies in our language.

In some respects the characters of Scott and Southey were essentially unlike; in others they are essentially resemble each other—in vigor, good sense, and intellectual power. There was, perhaps, more sense of the practical kind in Scott, more of that Scotch quality which is called shrewdness. On the other hand, there was more wisdom in Southey, more of that large and comprehensive faculty of judgment which a man who does not mix much with the world, and whose first vigorous perceptions of right and wrong have not been compromised or modified by collision with expediencies, is likely to cultivate amongst his books, and by observation of society from a safe distance. It is curious how frequently we are reminded of Scott in the perusal of Southey's correspondence; how perpetually their antagonisms and sympathies come out under all aspects of gravity and playfulness; and how distinct and forcible the points of contrast are rendered by the closeness of their agreement on other points. Although he lived so many years in the chilly atmosphere of the lakes, almost within hail of the canny north, Southey never acquired that taste of gain which tempted Scott into speculations, for which the genius of both was equally ill-adapted. In his letters the subject of ways and means, of which there is comparatively so little in Scott's, is constantly referred to. We see at once the reason why, and the unavoidableness of it, from the very nature of the allusions themselves. His whole life was a fight for an income; and, in addition to the ordinary anxieties inseparable from such a career, he had heavy burthens to support, which his open-handed generosity led him to increase, so that it was impossible for him to avoid thinking of the topic that literally brooded over his daily exertions. This was not the case with Scott, whose pecuniary troubles were brought upon him by going out of his way to make money when he was perfectly independent of such a necessity. Here we have the most striking difference between them: Southey's ambition about money went no further than merely to procure enough to live upon, while Scott's aim was acquisition. And this difference indicates the feature in their lives and temperaments which stands out, more than all the rest, in conspicuous opposition—the wise simplicity content with enough, and the mistaken worldliness which wanted as much as it could get.

The character of Southey, as it is shown to us in innumerable unconscious passages in these volumes,* is thoroughly delightful. He was one of the very few celebrated writers of whose kind, generous, and hopeful nature no adequate notion can be formed from his works. He scattered himself over too many subjects, explored too many widely-contrasted channels of research, and was master of too varied a circle of accomplishments,

*The Life and Correspondence of the late Robert Southey, in six volumes, edited by his son, the Rev. Charles Cuthbert Southey. Longman & Co. Republished by Harper & Brothers.

to stamp his individuality with sufficient clearness on the public mind. In the list of his productions, which is given at the end of the sixth volume, we find that, in addition to a vast quantity of critical contributions to the Reviews, embracing an amazing diversity of topics, he published no less than forty-five independent works, including poems, travels, biographies, histories, political and religious controversies, antiquarian and other learned lore, and critical editions of the works of others. These extraordinary labors impressed his readers rather with wonder at his versatility than a distinct sense of his power as historian, poet, biographer, or critic. It was less what he had done in each, or in any, of these opposite directions that people thought of, than the surprising amount of work he had done in them collectively. This universal capacity, wonderful as it is, and higher in its flight, and wider in its horizon than the limited and persevering faculty that devotes itself to a single pursuit, is not the best calculated, after all, to command the reward it deserves. The majority of mankind are apt to suspect the soundness of a universal genius, and to run with the old adage, that the Jack-of-all-trades is master of none. The actor who possesses a talent for adapting himself to numerous impersonations, is never so great a favorite with the audience as he who always discovers the same peculiarities, and secures the applause of the spectator by never going out of his individuality. There is also this obstacle in the way of the writer who addresses his public through so many different forms, that he invites opinion and challenges investigation on such a variety of subjects, as to break up his fame amongst his readers, who, however they may admire him in some aspects, must be expected to find abundant occasion for dissatisfaction with him in others.

But few writers ever conciliated so much respect and personal popularity as Southey, considering the position in which he was placed, and the angry controversies in which he was engaged. It was impossible to escape the censure and opposition of the sects and parties who came under his lash in the "Quarterly Review;" and, now that the excitement has passed away, and we look back calmly upon the days of Catholic disabilities and radical agitation, it must be allowed that the hostility he provoked was neither unreasonable nor unfounded. Yet few of all the Protestant and constitutional advocates of that day entered the arena with principles so pure, and a conscience so scrupulous; and beneath all that strength of assertion and earnestness of purpose, lay a spirit of toleration and gentleness of human sympathy, for which his opponents in the heat of the conflict had little reason to give him credit, but which the whole world may now trace and exult over in his private correspondence. The reader will discover in these admirable letters some significant hints of the difficulties against which Southey had to contend as a political writer, in the effort to reconcile his own large and generous feelings to the violent demands of party; nor will he be a little surprised and gratified at finding that the touches of acerbity and harshness which here and there gleam through his articles, were not always contributed by the author himself, but that they were sometimes introduced by the editor, who knew better than his contributor the flavor which charmed the palate of his supporters.

Southey frequently complains not only of the foreign graces, for which he was indebted to the

skilful hands of Gifford, but of the way in which his articles were cut and lopped to suit the policy of the Review. "Whenever I shall have the satisfaction of seeing you once more under this roof," he says in a letter to his friend Duppa, "it will amuse you to see how dexterously Gifford emasculated this article of mine of its most forcible points. I amused myself, one morning, with putting them all in again, and restoring vigor, consistency and connection to the whole." This was a source of dissatisfaction which he appears to have felt throughout the whole of his connection with the Quarterly. It was evidently not founded upon an unreasonable objection to the legitimate exercise of the editorial privilege, for at one period, when there was a likelihood that he might be called upon to undertake the duties of editorship himself, he speaks openly of the necessity of supervising the articles sent in to him, and maintaining uniformity of sentiment amongst the writers. His discontent with Gifford was on other grounds. From the very start he had a misgiving about the connection between the Review and the government. He looked upon that secret alliance as fatal to the independence and utility of the publication, and foresaw that it would come in perpetually as a drag and impediment to the free expression of opinion. The necessity of adapting his convictions to the immediate policy of the party in power—of suppressing his views in one direction, falsifying them in another, and modifying, softening, or exaggerating, according to the shifting expediency of the hour—appeared to him a compromise humiliating to the writer, and ruinous to the influence and reputation of the periodical itself. In the letter just quoted he says, that if his majesty were to treble his pension, it would not prevent him from delivering his free opinion on any subject that seemed to call for it. In this, as in other things, Southey's integrity of mind shows itself strongly in his correspondence; but it does not seem, nevertheless, to have interrupted his relations with Gifford. He went on writing just as vigorously as if he were in complete accordance on all points with his editor; and the only instance in which we have a hint of a remonstrance from him was in reference to an article, not of his own, but of Gifford's, in which the scurrilous anti-Jacobin applied to poor Lamb a savage epithet that struck to the core the great household affliction of his life. It is only justice to Gifford to add that he was really ignorant of that affliction, and when his attention was drawn to the circumstance, he certainly made all the amends in his power, by a full and earnest expression of regret.

The Quarterly Review was valuable to Southey as a source of income. He wrote an article in nearly every number, for which he received 100*l.*; and had generally the choice of his own subjects. The miscellaneous and desultory character of these articles exactly suited his habits of study, by enabling him to pour out at will the accumulated treasures of his multifarious reading. Scott displayed something of this superabundant riches when he lighted upon any of his favorite subjects of chivalry and ballad lore; but Southey had laid under contribution so large a region of research that scarcely any topic could be proposed which he was not able to embellish with equal facility and erudition. Out of the fulness of his materials came that flowing style and aptness of illustration. If his "Quarterly" articles may not be accepted as models of composition, they are, at least, free from

the negligence which deformed the writings of Scott, and must always be referred to as the highest examples in their kind of fluency and strength. And, considering the variety of subjects he traversed in them, from Baptist missions to cathedral antiquities, poetry, doctrinal controversy, and foreign literature, the constancy and rapidity of their production, may well excite surprise and admiration. To the first ninety-seven numbers of the "Review" he contributed no less than eighty-nine articles; eleven of the numbers contained two articles from him; and out of the whole of that long period of nearly a quarter of a century, there were only nineteen numbers in which his pen did not appear. During part of this time, too, he was writing for the "Foreign Quarterly," to which he contributed three elaborate articles when it was in its prime—history, poetry, and all other descriptions of book-work going on at the same time. The papers in the reviews apparently cost him very little trouble. The chief drudgery was in collecting materials: but this was really no drudgery to a man who possessed in such high perfection the faculty of extracting from every book he opened the greatest possible quantity of information of the exact kind he wanted, or was likely to want, in the shortest possible time. The mere act of throwing all this into shape was the easiest part of his labors. He tells us that on one occasion, flying from the turmoil of London, he shut himself up in Miss Bowles' house, and wrote an article for the "Quarterly" in eleven days, walking out every day for exercise by the side of his hostess, as she ambled along on her Shetland pony. This feat will appear most extraordinary to those who, from their own experience, are most capable of understanding its difficulties. From the outset, Southey was remarkable for the prodigious quantity and rapidity of his productions. At college, he tells us of the piles of verses he wrote and burnt—ten thousand burnt or lost, the same number preserved, and fifteen thousand worthless, besides heaps of letters and grand literary projects shaped and thrown aside. All this is intelligible enough in the teeming days of boyhood; but it rarely happens to last out a lifetime. In proportion as men's judgment grows matured and severe, their imagination generally becomes less rash and impetuous. In Southey the creative power continued not only unimpaired to the end, but acquired fresh energy from the activity with which it was worked.

With respect to creed and politics, it is now made abundantly clear from these letters that Southey did not really entertain the extreme and intolerant opinions ascribed to him during his lifetime. The editor of the "Quarterly Review" goes so far as to doubt his orthodoxy up to a late period of his career. His politics were by no means of that fierce cast which he got credit for.

He condemned Pitt for plunging us into a war with France, and was opposed to his tory successors for their anxiety to bring it to an end. He never cordially liked Pitt, and speaks even slightly of his talents. The "Book of the Church" might, no doubt, be regarded as a profession of faith; but at college he relinquished the church because he could not conscientiously subscribe the Thirty-Nine Articles, nor is it anywhere satisfactorily made out that he ever overcame his scruples. He tells us himself that "the tendency of his ecclesiastical writings, whether controversial or historical, was not to disturb established delusions,

but to defend established truths." This is a statement which may be taken in more senses than one. Much depends upon what he meant by *established delusions*. The word at least is significant, and open to speculation. At all events, it is sufficiently evident that he did not enter the lists prepared to defend all the articles of faith that were accepted by those with whom he generally agreed, and that the concession he made to an external unity was to leave untouched the main points (for main they must have been) of difference, while he vindicated their common belief in the essentials.

On one subject he was as uncompromising, not in the "Quarterly" only, but in his private correspondence, as Lord Eldon himself would have desired. He hated the Catholics—there is no other word will adequately express the feeling he entertained towards them. He considered Emancipation as a final surrender of the Protestant Constitution; and as clearly as he foresaw that the establishment of the "Liberal" would end in a rupture between Lord Byron and Leigh Hunt, (a prophecy which he throws off in one of his letters at a time when the closest amity apparently subsisted between the poets,) he predicted that the admission of the Roman Catholics to civil privileges would lead to further and more dangerous demands. This opinion was entertained, it is true, by a great many other people, and there was no special sagacity evinced in its adoption. But opinions acquire weight from the authority by which they are endorsed, and that which, in others, was the mere parrot-scream of a party, was in Southey the result of an intimate knowledge of the history, constitution, and tendencies of the Roman Catholic Church. He first took up that opinion at Lisbon, where he had access to monastical libraries, in whose dusty MSS. and tomes he traced the persecutions and grasping spirit of the church in past ages. Its proselytizing principles, its inordinate ambition, and unscrupulous machinery of spiritual despotism and social intrigue were then revealed to him in shapes that left an indelible impression on his mind, and produced that conviction of its faithless and aggressive character which awakened him to the imperative necessity of resisting its encroachments. He felt so strongly on this question of Emancipation that he declared he would rather have let the Jews* into Parliament than the Catholics; which declaration, however it may starve all tender Christians, must be allowed to be more consistent than Canning's singular antipathy to the Dissenters. We can reconcile the admission of the Jew with the Protestant prejudice which excludes the Catholic, but we never could comprehend how the enlightened statesman who advocated Catholic Emancipation on the broad grounds of liberty of conscience was able to justify to himself a strenuous resistance to the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts.

Southey's opposition to the Catholics rested mainly on the ground of their invading spirit. He would not have objected, probably, to the concession of certain privileges to them, if he could have obtained satisfactory security that they would have been content to stop there; but it was because he

knew, from all past examples in their history, that you had no sooner given them the inch than they would demand the ell, that he held to the policy of excluding them altogether. His conviction was that if you once admitted the narrow end they would never rest till they had driven in the whole wedge. He seems to have had a particular horror of the action of this encroaching spirit in reference to the navy, and in several of his letters he points out, as an inevitable consequence of rendering them eligible to places of trust and responsibility, that wherever there was a Catholic captain of a vessel there would immediately follow a Catholic chaplain. Subsequent circumstances have, no doubt, shown that these apprehensions were well founded. Yet, notwithstanding the aggressive attitude recently assumed by the Catholics, and which may be ascribed to the dangerous ambition and rash councils of influential individuals rather than the real desires of the body at large, it may surely be questioned whether the wisdom that granted Emancipation was not more in accordance with the genius of our institutions, and more provident of their ultimate security, than the nearsighted prudence which, to avert encroachments we possess the power at all times of resisting, would have sown in the country the seeds of future discontent and anarchy. This argument, which looks like an argument of expediency, is not the best that might be advanced in defence of the measure of 1829; but it is of the same class as the reasons by which Southey justified the restriction of constitutional rights within arbitrary limits, and furnishes the most direct answer to them.

Upon most subjects, Southey was an enemy to innovations. In this, as in the variety of his acquirements, he resembled Goethe. But, living as he did in an age and nation of progress, and not in a sleepy little court where progress was difficult, and nobody cared about it, his antipathy to changes which threatened to displace old modes and theories was something more remarkable than the stagnation of his great contemporary. We have a hint of this habitual dislike of alterations in his undisguised horror of railroads. He never could overcome his aversion to them. Perhaps his poetical temperament and habits of seclusion may partially account for this feeling. The railroad broke in upon his repose, destroyed the sense of remoteness which formerly gave such a charm to a country life, and fairly obliterated all the tranquillizing associations attached to the pastoral landscape. It was the same in most other things. He was for sustaining the existing or established system, whatever it was, and, as we have seen, did not even think it desirable to disturb established delusions.

His opinions cannot be accurately measured by his published writings alone. There is a striking dissonance of tone between them and his private correspondence. The fierceness of the former is never to be found in the latter. He appears, if we may so express it without risking misinterpretation, to have had two natures, one for his friends and the other for his readers; nor need we observe that the home nature was the more kind and lovable of the two. Coleridge once said of him in conversation, that he was the most guileless man he ever knew—a phrase which accurately depicts his character. It is refreshing to place the angry hostility of his crushing articles in the "Quarterly" side by side with the gentleness, toleration, liberality, and overflowing goodness of his letters. There is no contradiction of sentiment or actual convictions in this;

* He appears to have had some lofty notions about the respect that was due to the Jews. In an article in the "Foreign Quarterly," upon the dominion of the Arabs in Spain, he chides that most Catholic nation for being ashamed of the infusion of Jewish blood, and adds, that "of all pedigrees that which ascends to Abraham might properly be esteemed the proudest."

but it helps to show us the inevitable effect of writing under the banners of a party. The writer must brace himself up to the demands of the occasion, and, whatever may be his own inclination to treat matters dispassionately, he feels himself placed under the imperative necessity of sustaining at its height, both by strong utterance and prudential suppression, that inflexible standard by which alone his party can be kept together, disciplined, and made fit for action. In this, and other ways, Southey got the reputation of being a much more violent Tory than he really was; and he became at last so identified with the "Review," his position before the public overshadowing all the rest of the contributors, that its virulent political articles were invariably ascribed to him the moment they came out. Nothing could be more unjust; for, of all the writers on the staff of that periodical who addressed themselves to such topics, the public of the present day will be surprised to learn that Southey was the scantiest contributor. His principal subjects were of a more recondite and literary cast; and out of the ninety-three articles he supplied to the "Quarterly," covering a period of nearly thirty-two years, not more than half-a-dozen can be said to have had a direct reference to the politics of the day.

"At no period," says his son, "could the 'Quarterly Review' be said fairly to represent my father's opinions, political or otherwise, and great injustice was often done him both by imputing articles to him which he never wrote, and also by supposing that, in those known to be his, all his mind had appeared. * * * Gifford," he adds, "had a heavy and unsparing hand in these matters, and my father frequently and bitterly complains of the mutilation of his papers." No wonder Southey should exclaim, speaking of an article he was about to write on missions, "I am strong here, and shall do well, God willing; yet how much better could I do if nobody but Robert Southey were responsible for the opinions expressed!"

Turning from politics to literature, the aspect of his genius and his labors becomes more brilliant and engrossing. His youth, versatile and full of projects foreshadowed that remarkable career which ran the whole round of all literary achievements. He has himself chronicled his boyhood up to fifteen years in a memoir full of charming sketches of character, and exhibiting extraordinary powers of memory, and unsurpassed felicity of expression. Had he completed his biography, as he intended to do when he began, it would have been the most perfect specimen of that kind of writing we possess. Even as a fragment it is precious. It depicts with the most genial truthfulness the society in which he mixed, and in which his earliest tendencies were nurtured, his first attempts, his plans, failures, and the enthusiasm with which he passed from one novelty to another, catching the hues of all and fixed by none. The church, law, medicine, occupied him by turns, and were in turn rejected. The pulpit of the lecturer afforded him for a time the means of subsistence; the theatre dazzled and captivated his fancy; the magazine and the newspaper yielded him a vent for his fruitful pen, and a trifle in the way of income; then came the famous pantisocracy scheme, and a succession of creeds, taking a sweeping range from the opposite extremes of deism to protestantism, from republicanism to torism; then a stolen marriage and a trip to Lisbon, casting a little romance over

his early experiences; then the struggle of real life and its responsibilities, and the settling down at Keswick, where he took root like a tree.

The quantity of his youthful productions, the mass of which is now lost, either destroyed by himself, or floated into oblivion in irrecoverable ephemera, was not more worthy of note than the constitutional impetuosity of the writer. His versatility and eagerness in the chase of new delights are shown in the resiliency with which he rebounded from every fall, and the impetuosity with which he resisted restraints. At Westminster School he made his first attempt to get into print, in a little periodical called "the Trifler," which was got up there in imitation of Canning's "Microcosm." His article was rejected. He immediately set up an opposition periodical called "The Flagellant," which so successfully vindicated its title that he was compelled to leave the school in consequence of a refractory article he wrote in it against corporal punishment. At Oxford, Cyril Jackson was afraid to admit him into Christ Church, from a reasonable fear that he would turn out troublesome and disaffected. And at Baliol, where he was admitted, he rises at once in resistance to discipline and authority. Out of this spirit—ardent, generous, hopeful—sprang the "Joan of Arc" and the "Wat Tyler." Time mellowed and softened down these excesses, and directed his powers into more practicable channels; but the fertility survived to the last, chastised and controlled by the admonitions of experience. No writer, except Burke, ever displayed so rare a combination of sound sense and imagination. The broad texture of Milton's prose, that wondrous brocade embroidered with lavish imaginal riches, is of a different order from either.

It is not an uncommon thing to find men of versatile talents pluming themselves most upon that in which they are least qualified to excel. Southey fell into this error and maintained it to the end. When he was a boy, circumstances gave him frequent access to the theatre and the society of actors. He had an eccentric aunt at Bristol, with whom he lived, and who was passionately fond of the stage, and used to bring the players home to sup with her, and keep the boy sitting up listening and wondering at the talk of these magniloquent heroes, stripped of their paint and spangles. It was natural enough that a youth of impressionable qualities should be inspired by such associations. The glitter and excitement of the theatre, and the suggestive intercourse with the actors, determined him to become a dramatist, and he accordingly planned numerous plays, which, fortunately for his fame, he never executed. The skeletons of his proposed plots are preserved in the volumes of his "Correspondence," and show us clearly, if we wanted any such evidence, how completely he mistook his capacity in that direction. It would have been nearly impossible for Southey to have submitted to the unavoidable restraints of the dramatic form, or to have fulfilled the requisite demands of dramatic action. His mind required a wider range, and a more elaborate machinery. It was, so to speak, essentially epic in its grasp, and could have dealt more easily and successfully with a whole mythology, on a field of proportionate expanse, than with a simple fable within the limits of five acts. For reasons equally cogent, Scott, whose faculty was narrative, and who tried his hand upon the stage, failed conspicuously.

The same delusion clung to Southey in reference

to his poetry. He held that his gorgeous epics, the darlings of his muse, were the immortal part of him. Even in his own time the judgment was reversed by the public. "Kehama," "Thalaba," and the rest, will always be found on our shelves, but they will be little read hereafter, and not a fragment of them will pass into household words. In these vast metrical histories the rolling thunder of the versification drowns the inner music of human emotion, the learning overlays the fancy, and whatever is really grand and original in them has to struggle against such a stupendous mass of erudition, of a remote and dreary kind, that they must forever remain sealed mysteries to the multitude. Some notion of Southey's poetical theory may be formed from the fact that he seriously contemplated turning to a similar use the whole of the old barbarous mythologies, in the face of the coldness with which the experimental samples he had already given to the world were received. Present popularity (which, although an unsafe test of excellence of the highest kind, is, at least, a proof of having reached the universal heart) was a matter of comparative indifference to him; he consoled himself by a confident reliance upon posterity. When he heard that one of his short tales ("Mary the Maid of the Inn," most likely) was about to be recited at a theatre, he good-humoredly laughed at it. The recognition he looked for was of a different quality. The prolix description, the broken and frequently grotesque rhythm, and the capricious fluctuations between the solemn blank verse, and dancing jingle of his ponderous lyrical romances, which nobody would dream of reciting, and few could even read with satisfaction to the sense or the ear, were what he depended upon for undying fame, and defended against all assaults. Hostile criticism upon his other writings never disturbed his placidity; but he was always eager to vindicate his verse, and set it high up amongst the loftiest models. This strange perversity in one who was himself so able a critic shows how great minds may sometimes drop into infirmities that are common to the meanest. Nothing, he thought, could be more absurd than comparing his poems with "Paradise Lost." "With Tasso, with Virgil, with Homer, there are fair grounds of comparison." He declares that he knows no poem that can claim a place between "Thalaba" and the "Orlando," and that he does not dread a trial with Ariosto. In comparison with Wordsworth, his poems are as highly flavored turtle soup to "sparagrass and artichokes with plain butter." "Madoc" he places in the same category with Homer, Shakspeare, and Milton; and compensates himself for not achieving equal popularity with Byron and Scott by appealing to the immortality of the Homeric poems, Dante, Ariosto and Milton. That he should place himself as an historian, on a level with Herodotus, and above Hume and Gibbon, is intelligible. Works of elaborate research carry an ascertainable value which may justify a scholar in thus measuring himself with others; but in works of imagination it is evident that even Southey was not qualified to sit in judgment upon himself.

Considering how largely he was mixed up with the literature of his time, his letters are wonderfully free from personal asperities. The solid amiability of his nature is scarcely more eloquently exhibited in the expression of its fine qualities, than in the absence of all mean and unworthy elements. Like other men he had his dislikes; but they were few, and generally took their rise in the ardor of friend-

ships wounded by the objects of them. He disliked Godwin because he had abused his friend, William Taylor; and in revenge has a fling at his abominably ugly nose, just as Leigh Hunt, in a similar vein of playful spite, ridiculed Moore's diminutive person. He disliked Mrs. Barbauld, because she had been severe upon Lamb, and, after the manner of Voltaire's lampoons upon poor Madame de Bocage, he calls her Mrs. Bare-bald, and talks of singeing her flaxen wig with squibs, and tying crackers to her petticoats. Byron, alone, throughout the whole of this voluminous correspondence, is treated in a spirit that must be described as vindictive, and its vindictiveness shows with a still worse grace, coming as it did upon the immediate news of Byron's death. He speaks of his "pernicious reputation stinking in the snuff," and regrets his death, because, if he had lived some years longer, he might either have "continued in the same course, pandering to the basest passions, and proclaiming the most flagitious principles," in which case he could have been "smothered in his own evil deeds," or he might have made "some atonement for his offences." It is not Southey in the purity and largeness of his heart who writes this, but Southey with the taint of Gifford, and the influence of the "Quarterly" upon him.

Amongst the many interesting revelations of Southey's life and opinions, which we glean from these volumes, is one which will startle most of his old adherents, including especially the stanch readers of his "Book of the Church." In a letter, written on a singular occasion to a stranger who avowed himself an infidel, and announced his intention of committing suicide (which, notwithstanding Southey's dissuasive reasoning, he afterwards carried into execution) he comforts the unbeliever by assuring him of his own belief that men "will be judged by their actions and intentions, and not by their creed. Turk, Jew, and Gentile," he adds, will be Christians in heaven, "if they have lived well according to the light which was vouchsafed to them." What is to be done with St. Athanasius after this? But this is not all. He frankly avows to the meditating suicide his belief in apparitions, and assumes them as a proof of the existence of a state after death. "I never fear to avow my belief that warnings from the other world are sometimes communicated to us in this; and that, absurd as the stories of apparitions generally are, the spirits of the dead have been permitted to appear." He regards it simply as a question of evidence, to which he cannot refuse his assent. There is nothing extraordinary in the fact that Southey should have held an opinion which some of the most philosophical minds have not hesitated to avow; but it is of some importance to know that he held it, and to see clearly the grounds upon which he justified it.

In no aspect do these volumes possess so much continuous attraction as in their development of the daily habits, the mental toil, and peculiar excitements of a literary life. The interest of this kind which grows up in them is enchainingly, and will yield to those who know the least of this sort of life practically, perhaps, the largest amount of pleasure and surprise. Southey was, in the fullest and best sense, a professional author. He not only lived by coining his brains and his knowledge into books, but his delight lay in the labor which, with scarcely a noticeable intermission, filled every hour of his existence. No man ever displayed such untiring industry. His published writings—falling little short in quantity of two hundred ordinary

volumes, exclusive of heaps of juvenile things he destroyed, and the extensive correspondence he maintained—by no means represent the amount of his studious application, and its written results. His daily course of devouring and noting books, apart from writing them, was prodigious in itself. Three pages of history, he tells us, at one period, was his invariable practice, then to transcribe and copy and make selections till dinner time; from dinner till tea reading and writing letters, and poetry and corrections from tea till supper; and this, he says, is my life; and it was his life with slight variations to the end. His habit of noting books was more careful and laborious than that of any writer upon record. Everything he met with, whether he wanted it at the moment or not, that was likely to be available, he jotted down, in his small diamond hand, in little paper-books folded and stitched for the purpose, with accurate references to the page where it was to be found; and in this way, when he was reading for a special purpose—such as collecting materials for the naval biographies, in which numerous details that did not come within the ordinary run of his studies were essential to his object—his work was more than half done when the raw materials were thus completely gathered and classified for use. We remember once inquiring of a play-wright who had been a great producer of pieces for the minor theatres, to the number of some three or four hundred, by what process he managed to concoct such a vast variety of plots, characters, and dialogues. He informed us that the process was perfectly simple, and depended entirely upon mechanical constancy and method in arrangement. Whenever he saw anything in a book or a newspaper that could be turned to profit, however slight—a strange name, a striking speech, a story, a snatch of humor or pathos, a bit of costume, character or description—he instantly copied it or cut it out, labelled it, and inserted it in its appropriate place in a great escutoire full of pigeon-holes marked in alphabetical order, so that he could get at anything he wanted in a moment. In this way, by clipping, adapting and tessellating his waifs and strays into an harmonious patchwork, he could manufacture exactly the sort of piece that happened to be required, at the shortest possible notice, and the smallest possible outlay of originality. No doubt the manufacture answered its purpose, and perished off when it was done with, the diligent cobbler being well content to receive a handsome remuneration, varying from 3*l.* to 5*l.*, for his pains. A hint of utility may be derived even from this example; but when we ascend to the workman of a higher order, who turns dross to gold, and levies contributions from the most recondite sources to impart a value to them, in the use he makes of them, which they never possessed before, the advantage of order, perseverance, and integrity of plan impresses itself forcibly upon our attention. It appears that Southey operated in much the same way. The editor of the "Quarterly Review" tells us that he did not always content himself with a mere reference in a table-book, but when he met with anything available in reading he marked the passage with his pencil, and it was transcribed, docketed, and deposited in an array of pigeon-holes. No means short of this exhausting industry could have produced the "Common Place Books," or "The Doctor."

Yet, in despite of all this marvellous energy and incessant toil, Southey found it difficult to make an income commensurate with his very moderate

desires. His chief resource was the periodicals, from which he derived, at all events, something certain; and this was a drudgery he liked least of all, but to which necessity compelled him to submit. "My history," he says, "as an author is not very honorable to the age in which we live. By giving up my whole time to worthless work in reviews, magazines, and newspapers, I could thrive, as, by giving up half my time to them, I contrive to live. In the time thus employed every year I could certainly produce such a poem as 'Thalaba,' and if I did I should starve." He describes his life as that of a "quiet, patient, easy-going hack of the mule breed;" and the remuneration in the end was slender enough. He received only 7*l.* a sheet for reviewing in the "Annual Register;" and the munificent offer made to him from the "Edinburgh," through Scott, was only 10*l.* Until he received 100*l.* an article from the "Quarterly" (which was only latterly—the original terms being ten guineas a sheet) he worked hard for small pay. His books brought him very little, especially the poetry. The "Tale of Paraguay," in a twelvemonth, realized only 80*l.*; "Madoc," 25*l.*; and the whole of his works in 1827 about 26*l.* His great aim was to procure enough to live upon by the "sale of half his time" to the periodicals, so that he might devote the other half to more congenial labors. "When I can command 500*l.*," he writes to one of his friends, "for the same quantity that Scott gets 3000*l.*, this will be accomplished." This was written after he had joined the "Quarterly," and just as he had finished the "Life of Nelson" (1813); and his relative position as a popular author may be gauged by the fact that he would have been well content to have realized only a sixth of Scott's profits. Fourteen years afterwards, with the full glory of his meridian fame upon him, he does not appear to have been much better off. "I have, God be thanked," he says, "been able to make a moderate provision for my family, but not by anything I have laid by; solely by my life insurance, my books, copyrights, and papers. In other respects I am in a worse situation than I was ten or fifteen years ago. My poems had a much better sale, and I stood upon better ground in the 'Quarterly Review.'" At this time (1827) he was in his fifty-fifth year, and his son tells us that his only certain source of income was his pension, which yielded him 145*l.*, and the laureateship 90*l.*; all that was available out of these sums being about 100*l.* a-year, his insurance absorbing the remainder. Compare these results of a life of indefatigable toil, dedicated to the most ennobling pursuits, with the ordinary compensations of routine industry in any other occupation, and see how heavy the balance is in favor of the lowest handicraft! If literature did not bring rewards of another, and, happily, of a higher kind, no man could sustain his courage in the face of such disheartening prospects.

Fortunately for Southey his tastes were simple, and his wants few. Living in the country, and being constitutionally averse to the agitation of a town life, his expenditure was limited to the mere necessities of his household. His house was generally pretty full; but otherwise he saw little company. We hear of ladies seated at needlework, or copying extracts, in his study, and we know how generously he took upon himself the charge of friends, who, if others had been as independent in spirit as he was, should have been differently provided for. Beyond this domestic outlay, however, which, with the quiet economy of so secluded a way of life, could

not have been considerable, his expenses were trifling. At first he appears to have some misgivings about the residence at Keswick, not so much on account of its loneliness, as the dampness of the climate. Very early, writing to Coleridge, whom he wanted to entice down to live with him, (a lingering thought of the old Pantisocracy scheme,) he says, "to live cheap, to save the crushing expense of furnishing a house;—sound, good, mercantile motives! But then your humid latitude! and incessant rains!—and I myself, one of your greenhouse plants, pining for want of sun." When he was once fairly housed, however, and settled down to his tasks, and got used to the place, and to the parcels of books that perpetually came pouring in, he became acclimated in every sense of the word, and no temptations could induce him to relinquish the sight of those bleak hills, over which, years afterwards, on a miserable, drizzling morning, Wordsworth came on foot to attend his funeral. "Here I am now," he writes to his friend Duppa, when he was getting settled, and falling in love with his retirement for the sake of the great things he hoped to accomplish in it, "planting garden-enclosures, rose-bushes, currants, gooseberries, and resolute to become a mountaineer. We are going to have laburnums and lilacs, seringas, barberry bushes, and a pear-tree, to grow up by your window against the wall, and white curtains in my library, and to dye the old ones in the parlor blue, and to put fringe to them, Mr. Duppa; and I am to have a carpet in my study, Mr. Duppa; and the chairs are to be new-bottomed, and we are to buy some fenders at the sale of the General's things; and we have bought a new hearth-rug. And then the outside of the house is to be roughcast, as soon as the season will permit; and there is a border made under the windows, and there is to be a gravel walk there, and turf under the trees beyond that, and beyond that such peas and beans! Oh! Mr. Duppa, how you will like them when you come down, and how fine we shall be, if all this does not ruin me!"

These pleasant schemes of gardening and planting and laying out walks, were only so much rural speculation on paper. Southey never appears to have entered heartily into such occupations, or, indeed, to have entered into them at all. He lived in the country, but was not of it. He had a greater relish for in-door than out-of-door enjoyments, and was fonder of his cats than his trees and flowers. The place at Greta was not improperly called Cats' Eden, from the harbor of refuge it afforded to a colony of mousers. When he went out it was merely for a constitutional walk, and even that he did not indulge in regularly until the admonitions of his physical condition rendered it indispensable as a respite from labor. He resided at Keswick, but may be said to have lived with Gifford and the people up in London. No man, perhaps, ever lived so long on one spot in the country, between whom and the country there existed so slender a tie. He never took any part in local affairs; never attended any local meetings; knew nothing whatever of what was going on around him; and at the end of all the years he resided there, although his house was seated literally in the village, he did not know twenty persons of the lower class by sight. Something of this may be attributed to his habitual reserve, and something to a slight degree of short-sightedness which latterly affected him.

"After returning the salutation of some passer-by," observes his son, "he would again mechanically lift his cap as he heard some well-known

name in reply to his inquiries, and look back with regret that the greeting had not been more cordial." He was a famous walker, notwithstanding the rarity of his exploits in that way, and thought little of a walk of twenty-five miles when he was upwards of sixty.

Underneath the reserve or shyness of his manner, all was sunshine. The people about his house, who were on familiar terms with him, enjoyed in full that flow of happy spirits which was shut up from strangers. He delighted in picnics and small parties of intimate friends. But amongst new faces he was ill at ease. He was naturally lively and impulsive, but he required to be at home for that, and amongst those who knew him well, and were not likely to misinterpret his vivacity. In society (we suppose we must call it) he was embarrassed, and became either entangled in a confused conversation or silent. "Company," he frankly confesses to Mr. Rickman, "to a certain extent, intoxicates me. I do not often commit the fault of talking too much, but very often say what would be better unsaid, and that too in a manner not to be easily forgotten. People go away and repeat single sentences, dropping all that led to them, and all that explains them; and very often, in my hearty hatred of assentation, I commit faults of the opposite kind."

With ladies he was especially out of his element. Unless he liked them, there was a gulf between them. This was singular, but characteristic, nevertheless. He was the noblest type of the true book-worm, with large faculties and inexhaustible resources, which he was accustomed to draw upon in masses over his desk, but which he could not mint into small coin for the drawing-room; and ladies put him out. It explains also what may be regarded as a defect in his constitution. His imagination was grand and lofty, but not voluptuous. He had an imperfect sense of the luxury of beauty—he knew it only in abstract forms—the reality awakened no enthusiasm. Hence we have so little passion in his writings—so little truthful emotion—hence they are so Greek and stoical, and so rarely touch the hearts or thrill the sympathies of his readers. Wide-reaching research in other regions seems to have carried him out of the way of the fountains of tenderness and delight that flowed close at hand. We have love, and despair, and a hundred other great emotions, in his poems, but, like his lilacs and laburnums, they are only painted, not felt; and he who is not conscious of the capability of the emotion himself can never make it felt by others. This is one of the insuperable obstructions to the popularity of his poetry, which is universal only in its erudition.

His cheerfulness in the midst of his labors enabled him to vanquish all difficulties. It is a valuable lesson to others engaged in similar pursuits, although few may be able to command so liberal a supply of mental vivacity. Take him at any single moment of his active life, and you find him busied, but not overwhelmed, under a multitude of undertakings. At thirty years of age, "when he was working hard upon *Madoc*," he says that gray hairs have made their appearance, that his eyes are wearing out, that his shoes are the very cut of his father's, at which he used to laugh—all symptoms of that wear-and-tear which makes such fearful havoc with the elasticity of youth; he adds, however, "my heart is quieter; my hopes, thoughts, feelings, are all of the complexion of a sunny autumn evening. I have a sort of presage that I shall

live to finish 'Madoc' and my 'History.' God grant it, and that then my work will be done." At the same time that he was laboring upon "Madoc" and the "History," (the "Amadis" having made its appearance in the mean while,) he was proposing to the Longmans a "Collection of Specimens of the Early English Poets," studying Dutch, deeply engaged in the Welsh *Mabinogion*, and contemplating an edition of the works of Sir Philip Sidney! Various and weighty as these subjects were, his cheerfulness stood by him to the end. Five years later, he says, "If Gifford could see me by this fireside when, like Nicodemus, one candle suffices me in a large room, he would see a man in a coat 'still more threadbare than his own' when he wrote his 'Imitation,' working hard and getting little—a bare maintenance, and hardly that; writing poems and history for posterity with his whole heart and soul; one daily progressive in learning, not so learned as he is poor, not so poor as proud; not so proud as happy. However, there is not a lighter-hearted nor a happier man upon the face of this wide-world." From this example let the working author take heart and hope. He must make his own sunshine—a home manufacture which, we grant, is not always quite successful, but which perseverance will accomplish at last. The consciousness of mastery and power which abbreviates labor and imparts facility to exertion, goes a great way towards the diminution of the fatigue and depression. The strong man wields with ease the battle-axe that severely taxes the muscles of the weak. But it is within everybody's reach by sustained efforts to acquire a certain amount of control over his energies, and with it a relief which will admit of a freer play of the animal spirits.

This self-control and sense of power were so strong in Southey that, unlike most literary men, he was never disturbed or ruffled by interruptions at his tasks. The members of his family would sometimes break in upon him, even on trivial occasions, and the pen or the book was laid down with a smile, and he was ready to answer them and talk to them. His physical constitution, that carried him so sunnily through his toils, was by no means robust; he was of a spare habit, but great activity, although he had little leisure for cultivating it. His occupations were so numerous and generally of so pressing a kind that his family saw little of him; and he was unable to join the evening walk in summer, or the circle round the winter hearth, or even to spare time for conversation after the family meals. All was work from morning till night, and it was got through only by a systematic division of the hours and employments of the day—breakfast at nine, dinner at four, tea at six, and supper at half-past nine; latterly walking between two and four, and indulging in a *siesta* before tea. Such was his whole life, rarely varied either by visits abroad or visitors at home.

Scott, who performed the chief miracles of the Waverley novels before breakfast, with a house full of people whom he was ready to join in all sorts of athletic amusements for the rest of the day, was of a different constitution, strong, vigorous and hearty. The hilarity of the table, which he was capable of enjoying with impunity, would have disabled Southey, whose limit was that single glass of punch he has immortalized in the "Doctor," as, sitting opposite the Bhow Begum, he tingles his spoon against the glass "making music to his own meditations." This difference of constitution,

which threw the one into active habits, and restrained the other to his library, will help to account in some measure for the greater fluency and readiness of resource which Scott possessed in conversation. Southey's memory was absorbed in his note-books. He never could remember dates, or call up at the instant any particulars he wanted. All he remembered was the main course and leading points of a subject. The reason of this was that he never trusted to his memory, but always to his written memoranda. It was in that way he made his knowledge tributary and available. "I have a habit," he observed to one of his friends, "of making notes of what I should treasure in my mind, and the act of writing seems to discharge it from the mind to the paper." Now Scott, who never made notes, had a marvellous memory.

In appearance, Southey was tall and slight, with a poetical head and shoulders, for which Byron, in a complimentary sarcasm, said he would have been content to have written his Sapphics. In walking out, he always wore a cap, which, from the peculiar make of the head and shoulders, became him better than a hat. His forehead was high, his eyebrows thick and arched, with, as Byron described him, "a hook nose and hawk's eye;" the upper part of the face was massive in proportion to the chin, and there was a remarkable nobility of expression in the mouth, which was somewhat prominent and muscular. In his youth he wore his rich brown hair in clusters over his shoulders, showing his republicanism at Oxford by refusing to let the college barber clip it to the usage of the cloisters; and, although he afterwards moderated his flowing locks, he always wore a profusion of hair, which lost nothing of its luxuriance even after it had turned a snowy white.

The six volumes published by his son exhibit a character so good and noble, so admirable in all its domestic relations, so independent and self-sustained, and presenting so instructive an example of practical virtue, that we know of no biography comparable to that which this elaborate correspondence reveals. These letters, numerous and frank as they are, by no means exhaust the subject. A large quantity yet remains in other hands, probably destined to appear under other auspices. We trust no personal feelings may be suffered to interfere with their publication. So far as family considerations are involved, we ask for no revelations over which the immediate connections of Southey may deem it necessary to exercise a discretionary privilege; but as it is clear that the latter scenes of his life are not entered upon here with the fulness of detail which the interest of the subject demands, we are justified in expressing a hope that the deficiency will be supplied from the quarter most competent to satisfy the expectations of the public.

It is on many accounts to be regretted that this work was not entrusted to other hands. The Rev. Charles Cuthbert Southey was ill qualified for so responsible a duty. If there were no stronger objection, his relation to the subject of the biography stood in the way of that openness and freedom of treatment which is indispensable in a work of this nature. But there was still a graver objection in the inadequacy of the editor to deal with the multifarious topics and striking memorabilia that passed his hands. The life of Southey ought to have been undertaken by one who was prepared by the course of his own studies, and by personal acquaintance with the literary circles, and an intimate knowledge of the Laureate, to place the portraits

and projects, the meditated and accomplished labors, the incidents and the intercourse of that long and busy career in a framework worthy of their absorbing interest,* to fill in the blanks which the letters fail to supply, and, in satisfaction of the curiosity of the reader, which is here perpetually provoked and disappointed, to accompany the whole with a running commentary, and, wherever the text fell short, to criticize, illustrate, and explain. Mr. Cuthbert Southey attempts nothing of this sort. The scraps of biography by which the letters are occasionally linked together only tantalize the reader by their meagreness; and the literary requisitions of the subject are wholly neglected. Fortunately the correspondence is rich and ample, and, although its very suggestiveness makes us feel the more sensibly the absence of competent editorship, the charm of the style, and the perpetual variety and attraction of the matter, possess a fascination that never flags from the first page to the last.

Another great want of the work is an Index. We lose so much pleasure and profit in not being able to make immediate reference to passages that have struck us in the perusal, or to which it becomes necessary to recur for other purposes, that the omission is a serious drawback and inconvenience.

From the Examiner.

Poems by Hartley Coleridge. With a Memoir of his Life. By his Brother. Two vols. Moxon.

THESE poems will be read with great and general admiration; and, wherever the name of Hartley Coleridge was known, with poignant sorrow and regret. The book establishes the fame of a poet whose life was so deplorable a contradiction to the strength and subtlety of his genius, and the capability and range of his intellect, that perhaps no such sad example has ever found similar record. Indeed, we are obliged with sincere grief to doubt whether, as written here, the memoir should have been written at all. With much respect for Mr. Derwent Coleridge, who is himself no unworthy inheritor of a great name, his white neckcloth is somewhat too prominently seen in the matter. There are too many labored explainings, starched apologies, and painful accountings for this and that. The writer was probably not conscious of the effort he was making, yet the effort is but too manifest. A simple statement of facts, a kindly allowance for circumstances, a mindful recollection of what his father was in physical as well as mental organization, extracts from Hartley's own letters, recollections of those among whom his latter life was passed—this, as it seems to us, should have sufficed. Mr. Derwent Coleridge brings too many church-bred and town-bred notions to the grave design of moralizing and philosophizing his brother's simple life and wayward self-indulgences. His motives will be respected, and his real kindness not misunderstood; but it will be felt that a quiet and unaffected little memoir of that strange and sorry career, and of those noble nor wholly wasted powers, remains still to be written.

Meanwhile we gratefully accept the volumes before us, which in their contents are quite as

decisive of Hartley Coleridge's genius as of what it might have achieved in happier circumstances. A more beautiful or more sorrowful book has not been published in our day.

Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,
And burned is Apollo's laurel-bough,
That sometimes grew within this learned man.

Hartley Coleridge was the eldest son of the poet, and with much of his father's genius (which in him, however, took a more simple and practical shape than consisted with the wider and more mystical expanse of his father's mind) inherited also the defects of his organization and temperament. What would have become of the elder Coleridge but for the friends in whose home his later years found a refuge, no one can say. With no such friends or home, poor Hartley became a castaway. After a childhood of singular genius, manifested in many modes and forms, and described with charming effect by his brother in the best passages and anecdotes of the memoir, he was launched without due discipline or preparation into the University of Oxford, where the catastrophe of his life befell. He had first fairly shown his powers when the hard doom went forth which condemned them to waste and idleness. He obtained a fellowship-elect at Oriel, was dismissed on the ground of intemperance before his probationary year had passed, and wandered for the rest of his days by the scenes with which his father most wished to surround his childhood—

(But thou, my babe, shalt wander like a breeze
By lakes and sandy shores, beneath the crags
Of ancient mountains, and beneath the clouds
Which image in their bulk both lakes and shores
And mountain crags)

—listening with hardly less than his father's delight to the sounds and voices of nature, in homely intimacy with all homely folk, uttering now and then piercing words of wisdom or regret, teaching little children in village schools, and—

Well, it would be perhaps too much to say that he continued to justify the rejection of the Oriel fellows. Who knows how largely that event may itself have contributed to what it too hastily anticipated and too finally condemned? It appears certain that the weakness had not thus early made itself known to Hartley's general acquaintance at the university. Mr. Dyce had nothing painful to remember of him, but describes him as a young man possessing an intellect of the highest order, with great simplicity of character and considerable oddity of manner; and he hints that the college authorities had probably resented, in the step they took, certain attacks more declamatory than serious which Hartley had got into the habit of indulging against all established institutions. Mr. Derwent Coleridge touches this part of the subject very daintily. "My brother was, however, *I am afraid*, more sincere in his invectives against establishments, as they appeared to his eyes at Oxford and elsewhere, than Mr. Dyce kindly supposes." How poor Hartley would have laughed at that!

One thing to the last he continued. The simplicity of character which Mr. Dyce attributes to his youth remained with him till long after his hair was prematurely white. As Wordsworth hoped for him in his childhood, he kept—

A young lamb's heart among the full-grown flock;

and some delightful recollections of his ordinary existence from day to day among the lakes and

[* Reading this, and glancing around the world of letters to find the proper editor of the next edition, we dwell, in an instant of forgetfulness, followed by "an aching void," upon the name of—SOUTHEY!—*Living Age*.]

mountains, and in the service of the village schools, are contributed to his brother's Memoir. Here is one, from one of the scholars he taught :

I first saw Hartley in the beginning, I think, of 1837, when I was at Sedburgh, and he heard us our lesson in Mr. Green's parlor. My impression of him was what I conceived Shakspeare's idea of a gentleman to be, something which we like to have in a picture. He was dressed in black, his hair, just touched with gray, fell in thick waves down his back, and he had a frilled shirt on; and there was a sort of autumnal ripeness and brightness about him. His shrill voice, and his quick, authoritative "right! right!" and the chuckle with which he translated "rerum repetundarum" as "peculation, a very common vice in governors of all ages," after which he took a turn round the sofa—all struck me amazingly; his readiness astonished us all, and even himself, as he afterwards told me; for, during the time he was at the school, he never had to use a Dictionary once, though we read Dalzell's selections from Aristotle and Longinus, and several plays of Sophocles. He took his idea, so he said, from what De Quincy says of one of the Eton masters fagging the lesson, to the great amusement of the class, and, while waiting for the lesson, he used to read a newspaper. While acting as second master he seldom occupied the master's desk, but sat among the boys on one of the school benches. He very seldom came to school in a morning, never till about eleven, and in the afternoon about an hour after we had begun. I never knew the least liberty taken with him, though he was kinder and more familiar than was then the fashion with masters. His translations were remarkably vivid; of *μοῖρα μοῖραί*, "toiling and moiling;" and of some ship or other in the Philoctetes, which he pronounced to be "scudding under main-top sails," our conceptions became intelligible. Many of his translations were written down with his initials, and I saw some, not a long while ago, in the Sophocles of a late tutor at Queen's College, Oxford, who had them from tradition. He gave most attention to our themes; out of those sent in he selected two or three, which he then read aloud and criticized; and once, when they happened to agree, remarked there was always a coincidence of thought amongst great men. Out of school he never mixed with the boys, but was sometimes seen, to their astonishment, running along the fields with his arms outstretched, and talking to himself. He had no pet scholars except one, a little fair-haired boy, who he said ought to have been a girl. He told me that was the only boy he ever loved, though he always loved little girls. He was remarkably fond of the travelling shows that occasionally visited the village. I have seen him clap his hands with delight; indeed, in most of the simple delights of country life, he was like a child. This is what occurs to me at present of what he was when I first knew him; and, indeed, my after recollections are of a similarly fragmentary kind, consisting only of those little, numerous, noiseless, everyday acts of kindness, the sum of which makes a Christian life. His love of little children, his sympathy with the poor and suffering, his hatred of oppression, the beauty and grace of his politeness before women, and his high manliness—these are the features which I shall never forget while I have anything to remember.

The same writer afterwards tells us—

On his way to one of these parties he called on me, and I could not help saying, "How well you look in a white neckcloth!" "I wish you could see me sometimes," he replied; "if I had only black silk stockings and shoe-buckles I should be quite a gentleman." Those who had only seen him in the careless dress that he chose to adopt in the lanes—his trousers, which were generally too long, doubled half way

up the leg, unbrushed, and often splashed; his hat brushed the wrong way, for he never used an umbrella; and his wild, unshaven, weather-beaten look—were amazed at his metamorphose into such a faultless gentleman as he appeared when he was dressed for the evening. "I hate silver forks with fish," he said; "I can't manage them." So did Dr. Arnold, I told him. "That's capital; I am glad of such an authority. Do you know I never understood the gladiator's excellence till the other day? The way in which my brother eats fish with a silver fork made the thing quite clear."

He often referred to his boyish days, when he told me he nearly poisoned half the house with his chemical infusions, and spoiled the pans, with great delight. "The Pilgrim's Progress" was an early favorite with him. "It was strange," he said, "how it had been overlooked. Children are often misunderstood. When I was a baby I have often been in the greatest terror, when, to all appearance, I was quite still—so frightened that I could not make a noise. Crying, I believe, is oftener a sign of happiness than the reverse. I was looked upon as a remarkable child. My mother told me, when I was born she thought me an ugly red thing; but my father took me up and said, 'There's no sweeter baby anywhere than this.' He always thought too much of me. I was very dull, and hated arithmetic; I always had to count on my fingers."

He once took me to the little cottage where he lived by the Brathay, when Charles Lloyd and he were school companions. Mrs. Nicholson, of Ambleside, told me of a donkey-race which they had from the market-cross to the end of the village and back, and how Hartley came in last, and minus his white straw hat.

Those who remember the ordinary (and most extraordinary) dress that hung about his small eager person, will smile at this entry in his journal of a visit to Rydal chapel, and the reflections awakened therein :

17th.—Sunday.—At Rydal chapel. Alas! I have been *Parcus Deorum cultor et infrequens* of late. Would I could say with assurance, *Nunc interare cursus cogor relictos*. I never saw Axiologus (Wordsworth) look so venerable. His cape cloak has such a gravity about it. Old gentlemen should never wear light great coats unless they be military; and even then Uncle Toby's Roquelaure would be more becoming than all the frogs in Styx. On the other hand, loose trousers should never invest the nether limbs of old. It looks as if the septuagenarian were ashamed of a diminished calf. The sable silk is good and clerical, so are the gray pearl and the partridge. I revere gray worsted and ridge and furrow for *δυναστεύει*; his sake, but perhaps the bright white lamb's wool doth most set off the leg of an elderly man. The hose should be drawn over the knees, unless the rank and fortune require diamond buckles. Paste or Bristol stones should never approach a gentleman of any age. Roomy shoes, not of varnished leather. Broad shoe buckles, well polished. Cleanliness is an ornament to youth, but an indispensable necessity to old age. Breeches, velvet or velveteen, or some other solid stuff. There may be serious objections to reviving the trunk breeches of our ancestors. I am afraid that hoops would follow in their train. But the flapped waistcoat, the deep cuffs, and guarded pocket-holes, the low collar, I should hail with pleasure; that is, for grandfathers and men of grandfatherly years. I was about to add the point-lace ruffles, cravat, and frill, but I pause in consideration of the miseries and degraded state of the lace-makers.

Occasional passages in his letters are very beautiful, and very sad. Here is one—adverting to some attack made upon him :

"This jargon," said my orthodox reviewer, "might be excused in an alderman of London, but not in a fellow elect of Oriel," or something to the same purpose, evidently designing to recall to memory the most painful passage of a life not over happy. But perhaps it is as well to let it alone. The writer might be some one in whom my kindred are interested; for I am as much alone in my revolt as Abdiel in his constancy.

We are glad to see valuable testimony borne by Mr. James Spedding as to his habits having left unimpaired his moral and spiritual sensibility:

Of his general character and way of life I might have been able to say something to the purpose, if I had seen more of him. But though he was a person so interesting to me in himself, and with so many subjects of interest in common with me, that a little intercourse went a great way; so that I feel as if I knew him much better than many persons of whom I have seen much more; yet I have in fact been very seldom in his company. If I should say ten times altogether, I should not be understating the number; and this is not enough to qualify me for a reporter when there must be so many competent observers living, who really knew him well. One very strong impression, however, with which I always came away from him, may be worth mentioning; I mean, that his moral and spiritual sensibilities seemed to be absolutely untouched by the life he was leading. The error of his life sprung, I suppose, from moral incapacity of some kind—his way of life seemed in some things destructive of self-respect; and was certainly regarded by himself with a feeling of shame, which in his seasons of self-communion became passionate;—and yet it did not at all degrade his mind. It left, not his understanding only, but also his imagination and feelings, perfectly healthy—free, fresh, and pure. His language might be sometimes what some people would call gross, but that I think was not from any want of true delicacy, but from a masculine disclaim of false delicacy; and his opinions, and judgment, and speculations, were in the highest degree refined and elevated—full of chivalrous generosity, and purity, and manly tenderness. Such, at least, was my invariable impression. It always surprised me, but fresh observations always confirmed it.

When Wordsworth heard of his death he was much affected, and gave the touching direction to his brother—"Let him lie by us; he would have wished it." It was accordingly so arranged.

The day following he walked over with me to Grasmere—to the churchyard, a plain enclosure of the olden time, surrounding the old village church, in which lay the remains of his wife's sister, his nephew, and his beloved daughter. Here, having desired the sexton to measure out the ground for his own and for Mrs. Wordsworth's grave, he bade him measure out the space of a third grave for my brother immediately beyond.

"When I lifted up my eyes from my daughter's grave," he exclaimed, "he was standing there!" pointing to the spot where my brother had stood on the sorrowful occasion to which he alluded. Then turning to the sexton he said, "Keep the ground for us—we are old people, and it cannot be for long."

In the grave thus marked out, my brother's remains were laid on the following Thursday, and in little more than a twelvemonth his venerable and venerated friend was brought to occupy his own. They lie in the south-east angle of the churchyard, not far from a group of trees, with the little beck, that feeds the lake with its clear waters, murmuring by their side. Around them are the quiet mountains.

We have often expressed a high opinion of Hartley Coleridge's poetical genius. It was a part

of the sadness of his life that he could not concentrate his powers, in this or any other department of his intellect, to high and continuous aims—but we were not prepared for such rich proof of its exercise, within the limited field assigned to it, as these volumes offer. They largely and lastingly contribute to the rare stores of true poetry. In the sonnet Hartley Coleridge was a master unsurpassed by the greatest. To its "narrow plot of ground" his habits, when applied in the cultivation of the muse, most naturally led him—and here he may claim no undeserved companionship even with Shakspeare, Milton, and Wordsworth. We take a few—with affecting personal reference in all of them.

Hast thou not seen an aged rifted tower,
Meet habitation for the Ghost of Time,
Where fearful ravage makes decay sublime,
And destitution wears the face of power?
Yet is the fabric deck'd with many a flower
Of fragrance wild, and many-dappled hue,
Gold streak'd with iron-brown and nodding blue,
Making each ruinous chink a fairy bower.
E'en such a thing methinks I fain would be,
Should Heaven appoint me to a lengthen'd age;
So old in look, that young and old may see
The record of my closing pilgrimage:
Yet, to the last, a rugged wrinkled thing
To which young sweetness may delight to cling!

Pains I have known, that cannot be again,
And pleasures too that never can be more:
For loss of pleasure I was never sore,
But worse, far worse it is, to feel no pain.
The throes and agonies of a heart explain
Its very depth of want at inmost core;
Prove that it does believe, and would adore,
And doth with ill forever strive and strain.
I not lament for happy childish years,
For loves departed, that have had their day,
Or hopes that faded when my head was gray;
For death hath left me last of my compeers:
But for the pain I felt, the gushing tears
I used to shed when I had gone astray.

A lonely wanderer upon earth am I,
The waif of nature—like uprooted weed
Borne by the stream, or like a shaken reed,
A frail dependent of the fickle sky.
Far, far away, are all my natural kin:
The mother that erewhile hath hush'd my cry,
Almost hath grown a mere fond memory.
Where is my sister's smile? my brother's boisterous din?

Ah! nowhere now. A matron grave and sage,
A holy mother is that sister sweet.
And that bold brother is a pastor meet
To guide, instruct, reprove a sinful age,
Almost I fear, and yet I fain would greet;
So far astray hath been my pilgrimage.

How shall a man fore-doom'd to lone estate,
Untimely old, irreverently gray,
Much like a patch of dusky snow in May,
Dead sleeping in a hollow—all too late—
How shall so poor a thing congratulate
The blest completion of a patient wooing,
Or how commend a younger man for doing
What ne'er to do hath been his fault or fate?
There is a fable, that I once did read,
Of a bad angel, that was someway good,
And therefore on the brink of heaven he stood,
Looking each way, and no way could proceed;
Till at the last he purged away his sin
By loving all the joy he saw within.

Here is another poem of very touching reference to his personal story :—

When I received this volume small,
My years were barely seventeen ;
When it was hoped I should be all
Which once, alas ! I might have been.

And now my years are thirty-five,
And every mother hopes her lamb,
And every happy child alive,
May never be what now I am.

But yet should any chance to look
On the strange medley scribbled here,
I charge thee, tell them, little book,
I am not vile as I appear.

O ! tell them though my purpose lame
In fortune's race, was still behind—
Though earthly blots my name defiled,
They ne'er abused my better mind.

Of what men are, and why they are
So weak, so wofully beguiled,
Much I have learned, but, better far,
I know my soul is reconciled.

Before we shut the volumes—which will often and often be reopened by their readers—we may instance, in proof of the variety of his verse, some masterly heroic couplets on the character of Dryden, which will be seen in a series of admirable “sketches of English poets” found written on the fly-leaves and covers of his copy of *Anderson's British Poets*. The successors of Dryden are not less admirably handled, and there are some sketches of Wilkie, Dodsley, Langhorne, and rhymers of that class, inimitable for their truth and spirit.

From the Morning Chronicle.

PASCAL'S PROVINCIAL LETTERS.*

BLAISE PASCAL is a name that must go down with honor from age to age, as long as genius and goodness are deemed worthy of remembrance.

His writings, though much better known among us than those of many French authors, have yet not been truly known. They have hitherto been presented to us more or less imperfect and distorted, and by faulty arrangement have lost still more of their value.

The *Pensées* have been generally read in this country, and many versions have appeared since the first by Walker; but no complete edition of Pascal's works has been presented to the English reader which could rival the one before us.

The first volume is the *Provincial Letters*; or, as they would be more correctly termed, *Letters to a Provincial*. The translation is from the last French edition by M. Villemain, whose essay on Pascal is prefixed; a memoir and an appendix, containing notices of the characters mentioned in the work, &c., further enrich the book.

The second volume contains the miscellaneous writings, letters, treatises, (for the first time,) an Essay on the Passion of Love, another on eloquence, conversations and thoughts on many diverse subjects, &c. A zealous and satisfactory refutation of the glosses put upon the writings of Pascal by Voltaire, Cousin, and even M. Villemain, prepares the reader to enter on the perusal.

* Pascal's Provincial Letters, Miscellaneous Writings; and Thoughts and Evidences of Christianity. Newly translated from the French, by George Pearce, Esq. London: Longman and Co. 3 vols. 8vo.

The third volume consists entirely of the “Thoughts and Evidences of Christianity.” This and the preceding are from the French edition of M. Faugere.

The quantity of new matter introduced by the labors and patient research of the latter editor is greater than would be credited by one who had not seen it. He has also done great service and justice to the old, by the collation of the original manuscripts and copies with each other and with the adulterated printed editions. In fact, the whole text has been revised, the whole mass rearranged, and nearly re-modelled.

We must now speak of the translation as such. It is in many places free, paraphrased almost—but only where it was found impossible to preserve the spirit of the idiomatic French in a literal rendering. Great caution and much talent are necessary for such a task. Pascal's style and diction were peculiarly his own; terse yet precise; forcible yet elegant. A correct appreciation of different shades of meaning in words apparently synonymous, and careful disposition of them, are also essential; for he was most fastidious in their use; and a suggestive meaning is often felt in their very juxtaposition. On the whole, Mr. Pearce has discharged his duty with fidelity and laudable accuracy; he has given us as faithful an exponent of the original as our language will, perhaps, admit; and by so doing has earned thanks of no ordinary warmth; though, to one so animated by love for the labor, thanks are superfluous.

Much has been written of the illustrious author; and, after the judgment that two centuries have pronounced, further comment from us is needless; yet we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of dwelling for a short space on the consideration of a man who has been designated as “one of the sublimest spirits of any age.”

His was a brief life, and a brief review of it will be the most appropriate. Into thirty-nine years were condensed all the learning, feeling, and holiness, that made him at once an epitome of science, an impersonation of charity, and a model of piety. He was both young and old, flower and fruit. In him were combined the innocence of a child, the delicacy of a woman, and the might of a man.

Were the theory of transmigration tenable, we might imagine that the massive soul of Plato tenanted for a while the frail body of Pascal, and left it only when the brittle crystal gave way beneath the load.

At first we see him mastering all science, extending his researches into the unknown, and, in the vigor of mental youth, turning intellectual toils, none else could dare, into pastime.

He seized facts in his grasp, and forced them to reveal their parentage and kindred. He questioned existences, and wrung from them the secrets of their being and the laws of their economy. He stood on Nature's highway, and, arresting every passer-by, asked, “Whence and whither art thou?”

He strained his fine-strung ear to catch the low whispers of Nature's soliloquy; and gazed long and ardently on causes and effects to find the chain by which she linked them. His eye was so broad that he saw things not only in themselves, but in all their connections and affinities—in their origin and tendency. He saw the relations that each object bore to each, and comprehended them in their wholes and in all their parts.

In his attack on the corruptions and impious casuistries of the Jesuits, we see him neglecting

knowledge to fight for justice, here he is keen as a lancet—polished as a diamond, and as proof against the blows and scratches of his antagonists. Success and conscious power made him laugh whilst he struck them down with the trenchant irony that was irresistible. But at times, when placing the ægis of his genius between the persecutor and his victim, his calm spirit chafes at the profanation of all that is just and sacred, till, with burning eloquence, he blasts, as with a thunderbolt, the objects of his noble wrath.

In the collection of fragmentary thoughts, we see his mind in various attitudes, and wearing different expressions; sometimes of reverie, sometimes of calculation—now drawn with saddened lines, and often with a moralizing smile at the foibles of mankind, and the insignificance of its would-be greatness. The style in which he wrote many of these desultory meditations is generally lucid, but not always so. All but the essays and letters have the appearance of notes only; and to attempt an analysis of them here would be impossible. A philosophical preservation of the medium in all things pervade them; he had ever in mind "*in vitium ducit culpe fuga*;" and though not inculcating this doctrine by positive maxim, it is distinctly visible. He ever distinguishes between such weaknesses as are vicious, and such as are inseparable from our imperfect condition. Some things that have been treated with unqualified derision by indiscriminating satirists and moralists, he upholds as worthy of preservation, and serviceable to our interests; for example—

Why do we follow the multitude? Is it because they are most frequently in the right?—No; but they have most power.

Why do we adhere to ancient laws and opinions? Are they the wisest and best?—No; but they lead to uniformity, and cut away the roots of strife.

Rank; the people pay honor to persons of high birth. The half-informed despise them, contending that birth is a mere accidental advantage. The sensible respect them, not on the same ground as the common people, but from deeper views.

His conscious independence and native royalty of soul enabled him to condescend with ease to obey customs and forms which he knew to be intrinsically useless. Such principles as these can never be generally held; for the narrow mind is ever too jealous of honor, and cannot afford a deference to laws merely as such. Yet when advising he speaks as other people do: he says—do not think as they do. The greatest minds have been ever the most deeply impressed with a sense of the subjection of human nature to powerful influences from the most petty and contemptible causes; they have been half-pained, half-amused, to note the continual interruptions that the sublime suffers from the ridiculous. That Pascal felt this, is here evinced abundantly.

Whoever would fully learn the vanity of man has but to consider the causes and the consequences of love. The cause is perhaps some indescribable trifle, *un je ne sais quoi*, (Corneille,) and the consequences are tremendous * * * Had Cleopatra's nose been a little shorter, the whole face of the world might have been changed.

He demolishes man's imagined glory and self-sufficient strength, and yet says:—"Man is necessarily so much of a fool that it would be a species of folly not to be a fool."

The essay on Eloquence and remarks on Taste are valuable, and too little studied. The clearness and strength of his thoughts made all ornament appear tinsel; he clothed them in the richest robes, but always the simplest; he wrought in gold, but never chased or filigreed the pure metal. "True eloquence" (he says) "despises eloquence." There is his power and excellence.

Now we come to a most interesting subject. The Essay on the Passion of Love, lately discovered by M. Faugere, and now published for the first time in English, gives a new component in the character of Pascal; and though acquiescing entirely in the opinion of Mr. Pearce, that it was composed at an early age, and before the consecration of his talents to God alone, we rejoice that it was written. Whilst contemplating him as philosopher and moralist, we felt that he was too remote from us; he seemed, by his independence of human passions and emotions, to stand on an unapproachable eminence; but now these pages of glowing warmth establish a greater community and sympathy with him. When crossing a dark and lonely plain, we should be cheered to see a light before us, by which we might guide our steps; but, on a nearer approach, how would our joy be increased to find it borne by a traveller like ourselves. We will not spoil the treat for the future reader by an extract. The secret comes to light after two centuries of concealment in his grave, and we are reading the inmost thoughts of his heart, looking on the portrait of himself with the light of affection and love on his face. But we must pass on, and come to the period of the "Thoughts."

Hitherto he had asked of all other things, "What and whence art thou?"—but now he begins to ask the deeper question, "What am I?" He had tested all morality, and found it a quicksand unable to bear his weight. The frail bridges erected by philosophers and theorists, and vaunted as affording a transit to happiness, gave way beneath the ponderous arguments he proved them with. The bare truth of positive science was insufficient to satisfy his hungry soul; he ate and ate, but was not nourished by it. He had tried all the fulera that were fondly thought to be fixed points of certain truth, and found that none such really existed. He would measure all things, if but a measure could be found that was free from expansion and contraction, from passion and from doubt. Like Archimedes, he would move the world could he find a spot whereon to plant his lever. At last he found an arch that spanned the gulf; he tried its masonry, he flung himself and the massy force of his intellect against it; but 't was firm—firm as even he could wish. He found a standard measure, and assayed it with all the severity of his art, but it varied not a hair.

The fulcrum was gained; he rested his lever on it, and found that he could solve the problem, and move the world. Pascal was a Christian. Now his calculations will be sure, for he knows the true value of himself. Young's line will express his estimate:—

Revere thyself, and yet thyself despise.

Now he sees himself, and man at large—

—the glory and opprobrium of the universe.

But Achilles was not suffered to enjoy glory and long life. Pascal might not have both. Disease began to reduce the fortress where dwelt the giant

mind; but when he felt the enemy carrying the outworks, he looked around, and, soon ceasing to care for the earth-built walls, betook himself to the inmost hold and tower of strength, from which no power could dislodge him, and whence his mightiest shafts were hurled against a greater foe than death himself.

The same power of abstract speculation and rigid analysis, which made him prince of mathematicians, he carried with him into the higher field of ethics and theology. Restless, ever demanding perfect information, and laboring for a complete system, entire and unassailable, he dived into all possible objections, anticipated all cavils, and argued the round of infidelity within the orbit of his single brain. He has recorded some of these self-opposing contests in the form of objection and answer (often far asunder from each other); and hence have arisen the absurd imputations of doubt, and charges more or less explicit, that have been laid against him of being only a philosophical thinker on religion—in fact, a grand sceptic whilst attacking scepticism.

Now a pensive tone pervades his language—not gloom, but an intense earnestness. How can he laugh when he sees around him and within him weakness, blindness, and guilt!

Yet he is not a misanthrope; far from it; his deep love could be sustained only in and by Divine love, and therefore he clung to Christianity; and from very love he feared to be loved by his friends. How rare a sacrifice is this!—how noble a one!

From an unceasing contemplation of himself and his imperfections, as seen by the light he now walked in, grew a self-avenging spirit; the very perfection of his vision tormented him; his microscopic eye became shocked with what, to the ordinary observer, appeared beautiful. He anatomized himself. Heedless of the pain, he went on dissecting every nerve, and torturing it into morbid sensibility. At times he rises into an ecstatic state, and then his ideas are like a rainbow formed of many colors, but which, by their union, compose light—like a rainbow, too, in that they seem to spring from earth to heaven, and bend down again to join the two more firmly.

His belief in the miraculous cure of his sister's blindness may be used against his claims to the character of a sober and reasonable man; yet this credulity, the mixed effect of early teaching and enlarged views of Divine and natural powers, ought not, in fairness, to be weighed against his general acumen—against the man who so exposed the corruptions of his church.

What the structure might have been when finished by the hand that has quarried and cut a few of the stones in the Thoughts, we can only guess. When reading them and contemplating his character, we have been struck with the consciousness of an air grave and saddened, like his great Master's—with all reverence we say so; and ask the thoughtful student of his life and works, if his denunciation of Pharisaical sophistries, his calm, his gentle love,

his half solitary life, and his early death, do not impress him in a similar manner?

Life at last became awfully real to him; and had he lived longer, it would have probably grown insupportable; his sensibilities had already become, as it were, excoriated. Yet amid all this he was never idle—his sufferings could not make him rest, nor crush him; they served only as the stone to steel—to give his mind a keener edge, and elicited the brightest sparks of genius while doing so.

At length, (in 1662,) this brilliant lamp was extinguished by the oil that yielded the flame—Pascal died.

He lived faster, thought faster, and decayed faster than the rest of men. With rapid hand he worked out the problem of man's greatest good; and leaves for posterity the solution recorded in one word—Christianity.

DESTRUCTION OF FORESTS IN MADEIRA.—The progressive destruction of the forests, since the first discovery of the island of Madeira, has very materially modified the climate, by making it less humid. The smooth surfaces of leaves of the trees of the laurel tribe cool rapidly by radiation, when the sky is clear; and the dew being consequently deposited profusely upon them, they collect and distil, as it were, water in great abundance from the atmosphere. When the island was first discovered, and for many years afterwards, while the northern mountains were covered with evergreen trees, the river Socorridos—the most considerable in Madeira—which runs through the Cerral, was found to be sufficiently deep to float timber to the sea, which it enters near Canea dos Lobos. It is now reduced, when not suddenly flooded, to a small stream, almost lost in the loose rocks which occupy its channel. It would appear that the attention of the settlers was called, at a very early period, to the injurious effects produced by the rapid diminution of the forests in a country, where, from the dry and porous character of the soil, and the warmth of the climate, moisture becomes the great principle of fertility. A law was made, and is still in existence—though, unhappily, like other laws in this island, very rarely or very imperfectly enforced—which made it penal to cut down a *vinhatico* or til, if found near a fountain or on the banks of a river. The same effects have been found to follow, in a greater or less degree, in all countries, whether tropical or not, from the diminution of timber, whether produced by the extension of cultivation or by other causes.—*Dr. Mason and Mr. Driver on Madeira.*

WITH resolution high, that would not fail,
Still pressing onward, though oft beaten down.
As the strong waves of the inflowing sea,
Though crushed upon the rocks and beaten back,
Must their force the more for the recoil,
And ever more rush on, and rise at last
High o'er the cliffs that broke them.

ERRATUM.—In No. 361 of the *Living Age* is a review of *Young's Beranger*, which we copied from, and duly credited to, *Sharpe's Magazine*. In that work it appeared as an original article; but was stolen from the *LITERARY WORLD*, an excellent weekly paper published in New York by Messrs. Duyckinck.

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